



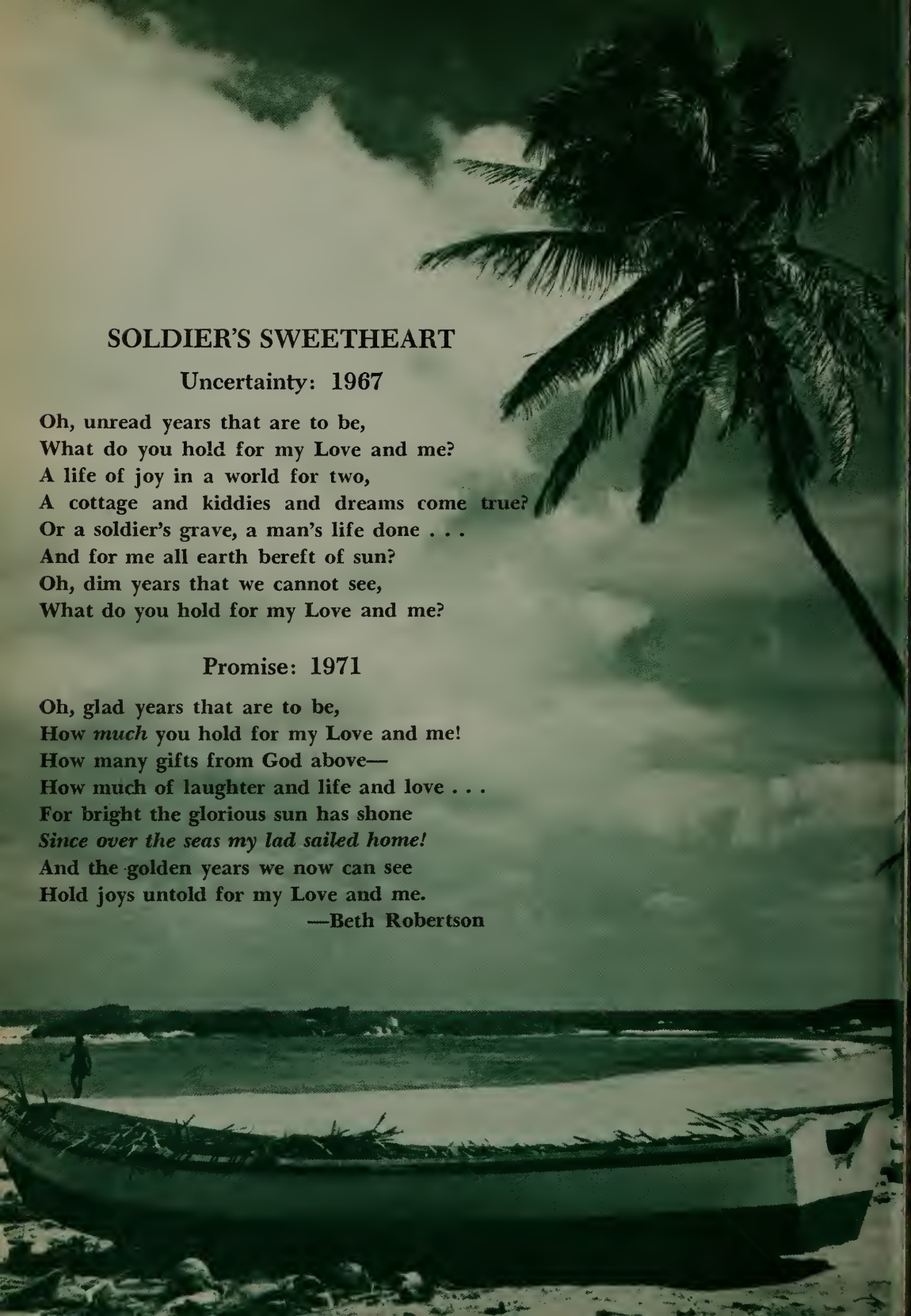


the LINK

August 1971

A SOLDIER FINDS GOD
NOT ALL ADULTS ARE ADULTS
WHY WAIT TILL MARRIAGE?





SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART

Uncertainty: 1967

Oh, unread years that are to be,
What do you hold for my Love and me?
A life of joy in a world for two,
A cottage and kiddies and dreams come true?
Or a soldier's grave, a man's life done . . .
And for me all earth bereft of sun?
Oh, dim years that we cannot see,
What do you hold for my Love and me?

Promise: 1971

Oh, glad years that are to be,
How *much* you hold for my Love and me!
How many gifts from God above—
How much of laughter and life and love . . .
For bright the glorious sun has shone
Since over the seas my lad sailed home!
And the golden years we now can see
Hold joys untold for my Love and me.

—Beth Robertson



THE LINK



A MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL

VOL. 29

AUGUST 1971

NO. 8

STORIES

LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL	Irma Hegel	14
THE CASE OF THE INNOCENT GAMBLER	Paul McAfee	40

ARTICLES

A SOLDIER FINDS GOD	Vincent W. Arnone	5
NOT ALL ADULTS ARE ADULT	Irene Murray	9
ONE MAN'S RETIREMENT	Kathleen F. Irwin	19
TIED DOWN OR ROPED UP?	William H. Genné	25
WORLD'S MOST NATURAL COMEDIANS	Frank L. Remington	28
WHY WAIT TILL MARRIAGE?	G. Curtis Jones	32
"PILOT, CAN YOU PRAY?"	Ora A. Clement	37
HIS CONVICTIONS MET THE TEST	Aubrey B. Haines	45
AN AMERICAN CHURCH IN LONDON	Caspar Nannes	48
FORGIVENESS IS ALWAYS BEST	Gordon Chilvers	51
GETTING AWAY FROM IT		55
"OFA-ATU—I LOVE YOU!"	Stanford E. Linzey, Jr.	56

OTHER FEATURES

DAILY BIBLE READINGS		13
THE KICKER	Mario DeMarco	31
ONE OF OURS		58
THE SOUND OF GLAD TIDINGS		59
NEWS IN PICTURES		60
THE LINK CALENDAR		62
DISCUSSION HELPS		63
BOOKS ARE FRIENDLY THINGS		64
AT EASE!		66

COVERS

Front: "Her bright smile haunts me still!"—Joseph Edwards Carpenter.
Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Back: "Two hearts into one heart."—Jan Zamoyski. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Front: "Uncertainty and Promise."—Beth Robertson. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Old Paramus Reformed Church, Ridgewood, N.J. Photo by Gene Ahrens.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

Copyright © 1971 by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel.

SOUFF

Reads THE LINK Every Day

I read THE LINK every morning when I get up. I also follow the daily Bible readings you list. I am now reading March, but I do not have the April issue. Will you please send me a copy? When one is in an institution as I am he tries to better himself and do things the right way.

—William Franklin, Sr., Box 89, London, Ohio 43140.

(We honored this request by sending the April LINK. God bless.)

We Often Get Requests Like This

Three days ago I picked up and read the first copy of THE LINK I've seen. I enjoyed it very much. The articles are good; and I'm glad they are about things happening today.

(Continued on page 65)

S T A F F

Editor	LAWRENCE P. FITZGERALD
Editor-Elect	EDWARD I. SWANSON
Executive Editor	A. RAY APPELQUIST
Assistant Editor	IRENE MURRAY
Circulation Manager	ISABEL R. SENAR

Individual subscriptions: \$3.50 a year. To Churches: \$3.00 in lots of ten or more to one address.

For chaplains: Bulk orders to bases for distribution to personnel (in person, by mail, in back of chapel, etc.) invoiced quarterly at twenty cents per copy.

Published monthly by The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel at 122 Maryland Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and at additional mailing offices.

Send notification of Change of Address and all other correspondence to Lawrence P. Fitzgerald, Editor, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

All scripture quotations, unless otherwise designated, are from the Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

A Soldier Finds God

By Vincent W. Arnone

IT HADN'T been much of a life right from the start. I was born underweight, undernourished, and with the wrong kind of blood for my chemical make-up. My childhood had been filled with all kinds of illnesses, and I had learned at a young age that my small stature would eliminate me from a lot of sports activities that the "other guys" enjoyed.

The other kids at school often made fun of me and pushed me around. I thought that I was too small to do anything about it. I often hid so as to avoid trouble with someone bigger than myself. That was no kind of an answer.

By the time I reached fourteen I had learned to stand up to the guys who were the town "bullies." Growing up in the city is hard on a boy in his teens. There are many temptations and it is difficult for one to pass up some of the more interesting ones like beer and women. One night we

stole a car. I was arrested and had to go to court.

Since this was my first offense, the judge let me off with a stiff reprimand, and a year's probation. Perhaps because of this incident my family began paying more attention to me. This was hard because I had six brothers and a sister. All the time people spent with me didn't do any good. Even the minister from the church tried to help me, but I was a stubborn kid.

During my fifteenth year I grew restless. I felt a wanderlust building in me. I had the urge to roam. I longed to see far-off places, to see how the people in those places lived. I ran away from home. Having not a cent to my name, I began hitchhiking. I got to see places like Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Los Angeles. I missed my hometown of Boston only a little. I was fascinated by all that I was seeing and learning.

By the time birthday number sixteen rolled around, I felt like I had the world on a string. I thought that I was a man, and intended to prove as much to the world. I had seen the advertisements that the Marine Corps builds men. I was a man, and all I had to do to prove it was join the Marines.

IT WAS a mistake. I knew it from the first moment I spent at Parris Island, the recruit depot where the Marine Corps turned boys into men. It was a matter of debate whether or not I was Marine Corps material. I was molded into a combat Marine through no will of my own. I fought the Marines every inch of the way. Just when I had become adjusted to my new life it was discovered that I had forged my father's signature on the enlistment form. I was issued a discharge for fraudulent enlistment.

I was lost. I didn't know what to do. I met a girl; I got married. Two years and a son and daughter later, I was divorced. It had been a bad marriage. We were both too young and foolish. Not ready to settle down.

I found myself in and out of jail. The only thing that remained the same was my occupation, that of a tractor-trailer driver. I could always manage to make a better than average living. I reasoned that since money was not an immediate problem, there should be no reason for me not to settle down and lead a normal life.

Once I had made this decision, my whole life seemed to change. I gained a new confidence in myself

and my abilities. Those were the good days. I was like a runner who gets his second wind and goes on to win the race.

Just as things were looking up, the roof fell in. My former wife, who had developed an abnormal interest in men, had added to her failings by becoming addicted to drugs. I discovered that she often left my children alone at night for long periods of time. One night she was discovered some fifty miles from her apartment in the early morning hours; the three children had been left alone. Since our divorce, she had become the mother of a fine baby boy, fathered by one of her suitors. She was a very mixed-up young lady, and I surely held none of this against her. My main concern was the children.

A neighbor called the police, who investigated, and on the outcome of that investigation the children were taken from her and placed in the care of the Division of Child Guardianship. They placed the kids in separate foster homes. Our visits were limited.

All of this fell on me like a ton of bricks. For the first time in my life I had made something out of myself, and then this had to happen. I was certain that my life was doomed to constant upheaval. But why were the kids involved? I truly loved them more than life itself. They were the only innocent parties to the goings on of my wife and myself.

The next few months were a hell for me. I was in a constant state of utter confusion. I didn't know where to turn for help. It seemed that all



Chaplain (CPT) Lawrence Gibbons, Reception Station, Fort Dix, N.J., counsels PVT Vincent Arnone.

of the state agencies and all of the churches were against me. The money that I made was of no help to me now.

After nine months of having to visit my children in the homes of strangers I felt that I could no longer face the situation, so I volunteered for the Army. I thought that this would help me by getting away from the problem.

Once in the Army I began to feel melancholy and depressed. There is an old saying in the Army that goes: "Tell it to the chaplain." I had no idea if this were true, but reasoned that it couldn't hurt any. I decided to see the chaplain.

THAT WAS the smartest decision that I ever made. The chaplain I met was a young man, twenty-nine years of age. Being twenty-four, I felt at ease talking to him. His smooth manner relaxed me completely, and I found no trouble relating to him the story of my life. He seemed to show a sincere interest.

During the next few days, we spent a lot of time together. I felt a rapport with this man and knew that we were destined to meet. He was in excellent physical condition, and seemed very athletic—just the type of person to whom I could communicate easily.

I spent the following week "hang-

ing around" the chapel talking with the chaplain and his assistants. I learned a lot about God's love for us and what great things faith in God could do. I felt that if this man could speak with such conviction about religion there must be something to it after all. I began to see what a person's life is like once he has accepted Christ.

I attended chapel every Sunday and soon took Jesus to my heart. I never felt better about anything in my whole life. I felt a need to take a more active part in God's work. I volunteered my services to help in the chapel whenever I could. Soon, I became a chaplain's assistant.

I soon realized that it wasn't God who had failed me all of my life, but that I had failed God. If I had made a decision for Christ sooner in my life, things would have been much

different.

The most important day in my life will always be that day when I knelt at the altar rail in front of God and my fellowman, and accepted the Lord into my heart. Now I am someone—a person through God.

Already the future has begun to look better. I have been told that if I can provide an adequate home for my children, I will be awarded custody of them. The Army has consented to release me from active duty so that I may do this.

My only request since experiencing that wonderful feeling of fulfillment is that I may be allowed to help someone else who may be lost along the way to discover Jesus Christ. I know that others are looking for a way to become better persons as I believe I have, and Christ is that way. ■ ■

QUOTES

It is not some religious act which makes a Christian what he is, but participation in the suffering of God in the world.—Dietrich Bonhoeffer.

A street sweeper can become a college president—if he's willing to make the financial sacrifice.—*Have a Good Day*.

A friend in need is a drain on the pocketbook.—Corinna Marsh.

The mark of an educated man is to see something in a mud puddle besides mud.—*Grit*.

A gentleman is one who holds the door open while his wife carries in the groceries.—Puck, *Tid Bits*, London.

The place to stop drunken driving is at the bend of the elbow, not at the bend of the road.—*Casualty Insurance Journal*.

Not All Adults Are Adult

By Irene Murray

LOOKING AT today's world where conflict rages between countries, where violence is chosen as the way to get things done, where the divorce rate spirals ever upwards, and where teen-agers more and more are running from home, we wonder what has happened to mutual respect and concern for each other in the many complex relationships of life. We look at other people and often mutter in disgust, "Why don't they grow up?" And often they see us as immature, too. Indeed, why don't people talk to each other—attempt to understand each other—and in friendly give-and-take hammer out rules where all persons can be both individuals and yet part of society?

The Canadian psychiatrist, G. Brock Chisholm, chills us with the foreboding words: "So far as the history of the world, there have never

been enough mature people in the right place."

Most of us would willingly concede that not every person over twenty-one is mature in all areas of his life, even though he functions adequately in some ways as mature. Most of us would—sometimes, at least—concede our own self-orientation to life.

So, what is this thing called maturity? If maturity, according to *Webster's New World*, is a state of being fully developed, then is immaturity, conversely, the state of being undeveloped? No person automatically grows from dependence to independence, from helplessness to helpfulness, from irresponsibility to responsibility, from self-centeredness to social-consciousness. Harry A. Overstreet in *The Mature Mind* (W. W. Norton & Co., New York. 1959) says that "a mature person is a ma-

Irene Murray is assistant editor of The Link.

turing person whose linkages with life are becoming stronger." A mature person, ideally, possesses positive qualities: affection, compassion, knowledge, patience, skills, character, responsibility, morals. Mr. Overstreet also says that "when a man does not grow up, there is havoc." Diderot once expressed it more forcibly: "All children are essentially criminal."

A child is born ignorant, born irresponsible, born inarticulate, born sexually undeveloped, born self-centered. A child must learn to accept himself as a person, develop his ability to serve himself by serving others, and develop his ability to understand the relation of cause and effect in his actions.

There is, of course, more than one kind of maturity. There are physical growth, emotional development, psychological adjustment, sexual responsibility, and spiritual sensitivity.

Helps to Maturity

We have a tendency to pigeonhole people by chronological age. At five, we gaily send a child to kindergarten—at six, he enrolls in first grade—at eighteen, he should be ready for college, work, or the draft (and now the vote)—at twenty-two, he should be ready to settle down to fulfill his responsibilities as jobholder and home creator. And sometime about sixty-five—having made his contribution as a worker and parent—he should be ready to retire. Unfortunately, human beings cannot be fitted neatly into age-slots in a free and open society.

The home should be a growing

place where a child naturally develops emotionally and mentally as well as physically. The tragedy of immature parents cannot be underestimated in the development of children. Though many children grow up in spite of this handicap, it isn't automatic or easy. It's painful. And not only costly to parent and child, but to society as a whole.

Babies learn that crying gets results, as it should. But some children at six and even later are still screaming and kicking for their own way while other children have developed a give-and-take attitude with parents, brothers and sisters, and playmates. Again as Overstreet says, "Human misbehaviors are immature ways of solving problems that should be solved maturely." The years of early childhood are important and wise parents are needed to help children learn what it is to grow up.

There are husbands who "cop out" when the going gets rough—bosses who feel most secure when dominating an employee—employees who swell with self-importance when telling off the boss. There are children who openly defy their parents or lie to them to be able to "do their own thing," rather than follow the home rules. And parents who overlook being exploited by their children—often to the sorrow of both of them. A most dangerous person is a grownup whose position is adult, but whose motives and actions are not.

Hitler was a supreme example of a leader who programmed his country's youth, and the ultimate results were disastrous to Hitler himself,

MEASURING MY MATURITY

	Yes	No	Sometimes
1. Am I self-centered?	_____	_____	_____
2. Am I tolerant of other people?	_____	_____	_____
3. Am I easily irritated by small things?	_____	_____	_____
4. Am I easy to get along with?	_____	_____	_____
5. Am I generous with time, money, understanding?	_____	_____	_____
6. Am I a good friend to others?	_____	_____	_____
7. Do I have resources within myself?	_____	_____	_____
8. Do I worry too much?	_____	_____	_____
9. Do I really believe what I say I believe?	_____	_____	_____
10. Do I have a healthy attitude toward family?	_____	_____	_____
11. Do I find meaning in being part of a church?	_____	_____	_____
12. Do my superiors find me responsible?	_____	_____	_____

his nation, and the world.

The school should be the place where knowledge is taught. And where knowledge is linked to life. But other values taught are important, too. Self-discipline, self-control, learning to function as part of a group. Many values are interrelated. Respect for authority and why it is necessary; mutual respect for teachers and classmates; understanding a viewpoint other than one's own—all should be a part of a child's school life.

Some children develop mentally faster than others and have to be slowed down in the classroom. The child that learns faster than average is bored; the child that learns slower than average is frustrated. Attempts are being made to adapt the school so that every child's learning can be creatively paced to his ability to absorb knowledge rather than to adapt the child to the system, as in the past.

The church with its emphasis on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, on love, understanding, truth, justice, should be one of the greatest influences in helping children and youth to mature constructively. Unfortunately, though the United States is nominally a Christian nation with three of the great major faiths dominant, hundreds of thousands of churches, and millions of church members, the influence of the church is waning. The oneness of faith in a Supreme Being that could be most helpful in solving some of our most disturbing problems is not present.

Other Influences

One chapter of Overstreet's book of special interest lists what he believes are the four great influences on people: newspapers, radio (before TV), movies, and advertising. Although these influences all have a tremendous potential for good, for

which we are grateful, they are not wholly so. To sell newspapers, the publishers must play up the out-of-the-ordinary, the catastrophic, the sensational. Mr. Overstreet wryly comments on buying the daily newspaper: "When we lay our nickels and dimes on the line for our daily dose of vicarious catastrophe and conflict, it is almost as though we were paying newspapers for getting us ready to commit human suicide."

To keep a listener tuned in on a certain station, the program director must keep him entertained, amused, or rouse his emotions. A 30-minute discussion of foreign policy, though it influences hundreds of thousands of lives directly and millions indirectly, cannot compete with an old movie or situation comedy, as noted by the ratings of a recent television interview with the President by Howard K. Smith. When programming twenty-four hours of news on radio (as some stations now do) there is repetitious mediocrity. A half-hour speech usually merits about ninety seconds on TV. Selection of picture and correlating sound are important and the responsibility of the editor—hopefully a mature and ethical one.

Although Overstreet's book was published in 1959, could we say that today's movies are apt to make the viewers respond more wisely or more maturely? Most of the movies being shown are rated, "For adults only." Do they really help to solve deeper and more complex problems? And what about the growing demand for "let's-forget-it-all" entertainment, such as shown at dinner theaters?

Advertising is perhaps one of the most atrocious influences of all, if one takes it seriously. To be desirable a girl must use the right make-up, deodorant, perfume, shampoo—and get with it in dress style. And a young man is no better off—he had better use the right deodorant and cologne, and wear the right clothes. If you can't sleep, take a pill. If you have a headache, take a pill. If you want to prove your sophistication, order a martini. If you want your friends to be happy, serve the right beer. Children must have the right toys or their psyche might be maimed for life. We can't believe that viewers take some of these all that seriously and yet, if they don't, would the men who lay their money on the line continue to do so?

The Most Mature Man in the World

He was Jesus of Nazareth. Read the gospels for as much as we know about him as he walked the roads of Israel. See how he talked with people, sympathized with them, healed them from their physical, mental, and spiritual ailments. Read the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5-7) in which he turned the world upside down. He proclaimed the happiness of a God-centered life. And if we practiced his teachings today, the world would be turned upside down again. Love is the greatest thing, he said before Paul. Love is of God. It unites men; gives them power to be other-centered; gives them power to become whole persons. If you really want to grow up, learn from Jesus.

In *The Art of Real Happiness*

(Prentice Hall, New York. 1950) by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Dr. Smiley Blanton, this statement appears: "As a matter of fact, a re-evaluation of the New Testament in relation to modern psychiatric findings proves it to be beyond question one of the most profoundly astute books on human nature ever written."

A reading of the New Testament tells the story of the most mature man who ever lived, who said on the cross even while he was in great agony, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Isn't that the greatest possible maturity?



"And this is my demolition expert."

Daily Bible Readings

August

"the book of
MIRACLES"

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1 Sunday	Joshua	3:14-17
2	Joshua	6:6-20
3	Judges	15:1-19
4	1 Kings††	17:14-16
5	2 Kings°	2:7-14
6	2 Kings°	4:2-7
7	2 Kings°	4:42-44
8 Sunday	2 Kings°	5:10-27
9	Daniel	6:16-23
10	Jonah	2:1-10
11	Matthew	9:27-31
12	Matthew	9:32-33
13	Mark	7:31-37
14	Luke	5:1-11
15 Sunday	Luke	13:11-17
16	Luke	14:1-6
17	Luke	17:11-19
18	John	2:1-11
19	John	4:46-54
20	John	11:38-44
21	John	21:1-14
22 Sunday	Acts	12:7-11
23	Acts	7:55-56
24	Acts	9:17-18
25	Acts	19:13-16
26	Acts	20:9-12
27	Acts	28:3-5
28	1 Corinthians	15:4-8
29 Sunday	2 Corinthians	12:1-12
30	Acts	16:25-26
31	Acts	22:17-21

†† 3 Kings in some Bibles
° 4 Kings in some Bibles

Let's Get Away

From It All

By Irma Hegel

Joliot liked aloneness; Hallie liked people

JOLIOT THURMAN dropped his hands from the steering wheel and leaned back in the car. The nostrils of his Roman nose distended as he breathed deeply. "Ah, this Cascade quiet," he exulted. "The complete serenity of mountain loneliness." He glanced at his wife beside him and saw that Hallie had binoculars raised to her eyes and was peering eagerly over the tall fir, hemlock, and cedar. "What *are* you doing?" he demanded peevishly.

Hallie lowered the binoculars. She had startlingly blue eyes beneath blonde smooth hair pulled tightly back from a round face. "I was just trying to see if the Ellenbergers had

arrived. They have. Smoke is curling from their chimney."

Joliot scowled. He and Hallie had had their honeymoon in the newly-built lodge of logs last summer. He'd been so sure that his bride would be as glad as he was to get away from the many social duties of the university and church. But Hallie, on arriving at the mountain, had made the acquaintance of every neighbor within ten miles. She knew each ranger by his first name. She had climbed the lookout to meet the university students who were manning the tower. Each evening their yard was filled with racoons, squirrels, chipmunks, deer, and one brown



bear who swarmed in to be fed.

"This summer," said Joliot in his most professor-like voice, "we shall be hermits, merely nourishing our bodies and our minds."

"There's more to man than a body and a brain," replied Hallie who taught Contemporary Religion in the same university that Joliot taught Electrical Engineering. "Man is a soul, a spiritual being."

"Not necessarily implying that he needs other souls to keep him company. Didn't Shelley tell us, 'I love tranquil solitude'?"

"But Paul said, 'Be kindly affectioned to one another with brotherly love.'"

To Hallie, the Bible was the final authority in any discussion and Joliot did not press the issue.

They settled in their two-year-old summer lodge—Hallie cleaning up, stocking provisions in the cupboards, hanging fresh curtains at the windows and hailing with delight the wild creatures who came for their feeding with the brown bear in the lead.

Joliot wondered how two people so unlike in temperament had been attracted to each other in the first place. He had to change her, he thought.

He sighed when, on the third morning, Hallie trotted off with a

fresh-baked pan of caramel rolls. Of course, she was going to call on the Ellenbergers and it would have been far better had that obese couple abstained from pastries entirely. Hallie, however, believed everyone had to eat like the wild things.

She was back within the hour, her blonde hair rumpled by the mountain wind, her round face wearing an utterly crushed expression. "The Ellenbergers aren't with us this summer, Joliot. They've rented their cottage to a Marjorie Meade, a writer and a widow. Mrs. Meade made it very plain that she wanted to be alone to work. She didn't even let me in."

"Ah," said Joliot, smiling sardonically, "so now you know. If vacationers were gregarious, they'd choose Portland or Seattle. It's because they want solitude, they select the Cascades."

"Do you suppose," Hallie asked, "that the Ellenbergers didn't come to the mountain because I visited them too often last season?"

"That could be." Joliot was glorying in the knowledge that his efforts to change Hallie were moving right along.

FOR TWO DAYS Hallie puttered about the lodge, feeding her wild animals and her loneliness was so real that Joliot felt sorry for her.

On the third day, Ranger Bill, big, blond, and grinning widely, blew in. "Hi, Prof," he greeted Joliot. Then he saw Hallie. "Mrs. Thurman, where've you been keeping yourself? Everyone on the mountain has been asking if you'd arrived. I've got a

job for you. That new crippled kids' camp at the lake wants to see your movies of your animals. Do you think you could spend three or four days with them? Pack your gear and I'll take you along in my jeep."

Hallie's large blue eyes were shining as if candles had been lit behind them. "Could you manage alone?" she asked, turning to Joliot.

Joliot cheerfully could have belted the ranger one. Another week and he'd have Hallie cured. "Certainly," he grumbled.

A little while later he saw Hallie go off with the ranger. The blue scarf she had tied about her blonde hair fluttered in the wind like a sad hand waving goodbye.

He sat down before the typewriter on his desk. No church service drifting from the transistor radio in the kitchen this morning, merely the monotonous ticking of the clock.

A knock sounded on the door. *She'd come back!* He raced to open the door and saw an old man with a face as wrinkled as a walnut. "I'm Cass Simms from the cottage at the pines. Is your missus around? We ain't seen her and we miss her. My old woman's eyes ain't so good no more and your missus'd read to us from the Book."

Joliot had not even known they had neighbors called "the Simms." He suddenly wanted company. "My wife is at some kids' camp. Please come in, Mr. Simms. Have a cup of coffee with me."

"Thankee all the same, but I'll be moseyin' along. Tell your missus when she comes back that we're hankerin' for the sight o' her."



"I'll tell her."

More came—a young hiker Hallie had rescued from a cliff last summer; an Indian guide; a group of university students on a climb. Not one of them entered the lodge to talk to him. They all wanted Hallie. Even the brown bear ran at the sight of him. Joliot began to wonder if a man who doesn't attempt to please anyone winds up by not so much as pleasing himself. He'd wanted to get away from it all—the cocktail parties of the faculty when Hallie and he never touched a drop of alcohol, the demands of their church in committee-work and teaching, a phone that rang too many times, the students who flocked in for advice or merely because Hallie was too generous a hostess. They were with people so much. And yet in abject loneliness a man could not help but feel more deeply aware of belonging to his brothers.

THE THIRD day Joliot had an idea. He'd drive to the lake and bring Hallie home. He'd admit how he had missed her—how everyone missed her.

He got into the little car, packing a lunch and his old Army revolver—not that he'd ever shoot anything. The gun was a signal in the event of trouble. Since the mountain was a wildlife reservation, any shot brought a ranger on the double.

Joliot circled the first curve in the hard dirt road. He passed the stretch of pines. At the Ellenberger cottage, the tall thin woman stood directly in the road. She waved both arms as she saw him. "Help!

Help! A man is in my cottage."

Reaching for his revolver, Joliot quickly climbed out. "You saw a man?"

"I hear him. He's in the kitchen, not caring how much noise he is making either. Just shoot—"

Hallie wouldn't have said that, Joliot reflected. By this time, she would have sought out the intruder and learned all about him. Joliot recalled the campus riot in their university when Hallie had strode through the crowds of milling students, climbing the barricade, and talking calmly to them. The students had listened, dispersing shortly afterwards.

"Go on, go on." Mrs. Meade was pushing him into the cottage. "Into the living room. Now approach the kitchen through my bedroom."

Joliot could hear the banging of pots in the kitchen. He stopped, seeing a tall form loom unexpectedly before him. His sudden stop brought Mrs. Meade falling heavily against him from the rear. The cocked revolver in his hand exploded in a shattering of glass. The back door slammed.

Mrs. Meade clutched his sweater. "Oh—you smashed my door mirror and he escaped."

Joliot rushed to the window and saw the brown bear scampering toward the tall trees. "That's Teddy," he explained in a dry voice. "Mrs. Thurman hasn't been home to feed the bear and he was in search of food. Better keep your doors locked after this, Mrs. Meade. As for the door mirror, I'll buy you a new one, of course."

"So you're Professor Thurman," Mrs. Meade murmured sweetly. "Your dear wife called on me a few days ago. I'll admit I was rude to her—after Mrs. Ellenberger told me what a wonderful neighbor she'd been to them, too. The Ellenbergers are in Hawaii, visiting their first grandchild. They're going on to Japan, and have already written me that I cannot rent this cottage for another season. They miss the mountain and your wife. Please, will you and Mrs. Thurman have dinner with me this week—just any evening? It doesn't matter."

"I thought you wanted to be alone, Mrs. Meade."

"I've learned something from solitude, Professor Thurman. The magic of oneness with others escapes us entirely—even my writing lacks zest."

Joliot smiled. "I'll talk to Hallie. We'll select an evening and come together."

"Thank you—oh, thank you. Make it soon."

"Lord, I'm the one who needs changing," Joliot prayed, once again behind his steering wheel. "Let me love more wisely and more generously as Hallie does." At least, he felt better now.

It was late afternoon when he reached the camp at the lake with the wet whisper of ground in the sunlight and the water answering. Beyond lay the deep gloom of the Douglas fir forests like a frame to a portrait. The children were singing, their treble voices blending sweetly in a spiritual.

(Continued on page 24)

One Man's Retirement

By Kathleen F. Irwin

BEFORE my husband retired from the Navy we used to talk vaguely of moving to Europe at the end of his service. Howard had always enjoyed his visits to various countries—liked most people, their food and customs—and as I was English born, we still had many ties and friends on the continent.

When the day of retirement finally dawned, however, there had been a few changes in our lives. Howard's plan to just take life easy in some charming Alpine village was shelved to make room for a new adventure. My husband has a degree in chemical engineering and he was contacted out of the blue by a chemical company in Ohio, his home state. He flew to Cleveland for an interview



The Irwins, a retired Navy family, found Salzburg the city in which they wanted to live. Here is a landmark in the delightful city which enchanted them so much.

and returned two days later looking slightly glassy eyed to announce with awe that they wanted him to work for them and had offered him more money than he knew existed. Apart from the money the work would be a challenge; it was experimental. Well . . . money, challenge or not, I resisted bitterly; we did not need the money. Our only child was married and we were not in debt. If we were not going to Europe, then we still owned a lovely house in New-

port, R.I. I did not want to move to Ohio. I did not care for the midwest climate and so on. My arguments were to no avail; Howard held firm and to Cleveland we went.

My resentment was mitigated somewhat by being able to live in a charming house right on Lake Erie. Our backyard ended in the lake and we could fish or swim or even buy a boat. As time went on we made new friends and, almost without knowing it, we adjusted to our new affluence. At first, being basically simple-living people, we just put more money into savings; our cars were both paid for; we had no credit payments to worry about, and until we made more friends, we did little entertaining. Then, just because the money was there, I started to buy clothes I did not need, indulged my love for antiques, took up golf and skiing and splurged on my long-time hobby, painting. We seemed to be living in halcyon days, but life has a way of bringing one up short if one gets too complacent. The fly in this particular jar of ointment was the pressure under which my husband was working. It was not unusual for him to get several phone calls during the night and sometimes to return to the lab after dinner. I noticed he seemed to need the before dinner drink more often and then it was drinks. We weren't as friendly toward each other; it seemed increasingly easy to snarl instead of smile.

The company was satisfied with Howard's work and gave him two substantial raises plus a bonus. After he had worked about eighteen

months, he came home early one afternoon. In answer to my surprised query he said he was fed up and wanted to talk to me. I listened for a half-hour while he unloaded his gripes. Finally he asked my opinion about moving to Europe as we had once planned. I was all for it and we settled down happily to discussing which country. As much as we loved England, it was cruel because of the six-month quarantine law. We had had our little Suki for six years and she was too much a part of our family to subject her to the unhappiness of that long stay in a kennel.

A place had to be decided on so we reviewed our experiences in various countries, bought books and finally decided on Austria—in particular the area of Salzburg. We had enjoyed our visits to Austria, found the people friendly and kind and it is not as expensive as Switzerland, has a stable government, and is clean and beautiful. Howard wrote to the embassy for visas, put in his notice and made reservations on the *Rotterdam* for August.

Our friends and associates thought we were both quite mad to give up the comforts of modern American living to go to a country so different from what we had known with only the sketchiest knowledge of the language and living conditions. Well, I too, had my secret misgivings; after all, I was over forty and was used to a certain amount of comfort at this point in my life. Was I able to dash off on a new adventure like a teen-ager? However, I kept my doubts to myself, and if Howard had any he, too, kept them to himself.

We had only to pick up our newspaper to read of some of the distressing events taking place in some of our cities to encourage us to go on with our plans. Then, too, we felt we wanted to find out for ourselves how life was lived in other countries. The house and most of our furniture were disposed of; the cars were sold and another ordered that we could pick up in Amsterdam on arrival; a series of bon voyage parties were given and finally the day came for us to leave for New York to board the *Rotterdam*.

IT WAS with mixed feelings that we watched the New York skyline fade away; it was my husband's native country and had been mine for twenty years. His family and many dear friends were there and who knew how long it would be before we returned? The trip was all we could ask for; the food, service, and accommodations were all excellent; the public rooms were attractive and comfortable and there were plenty of diversions and entertainment if one desired it.

On arrival in the old port of Rotterdam we stayed for two days to see something of the city which seems to be undergoing a massive reconstruction program. Then we traveled by train to Amsterdam to pick up the new car. We fell in love with that charming city, so ancient and full of unexpected lovely little corners. Of course, we rode a barge through the winding canals and visited a diamond house—no samples, unfortunately. Then on the fourth day, in our trusty Volvo, we

started off on the second leg of our adventure. We had decided to drive slowly across Europe, taking our time, stopping wherever we fancied; therefore, we did not make any reservations at hotels, but it all worked out splendidly.

Our first stop was the old cheese town of Gouda which has a magnificent medieval town hall, set in the center of the marketplace. We were fortunate to be there on market day and watched the huge wheels of cheese being auctioned. We wandered around the stalls looking at the fruit and vegetables for sale—all of which appeared to have been washed and polished before being displayed. National dress is still worn, but only rarely these days. We proceeded on to the wonderful miniature village at Maduradam, a real must for anyone visiting the Netherlands. It is a true delight to young and old. All the buildings are built to scale and much of it is mechanized; the ships sail up and down the harbor of Rotterdam; planes taxi on the runways of Amsterdam airport; cars dash along the Autobahn; the whole thing is beautifully set in masses of flowers. Another interesting place is Arnhem, an open-air museum where houses, barns, and other buildings from all over the Netherlands have been brought together and set up in pretty wooded surroundings where one can wander through and get a good idea of the history of the country.

We soon passed into Germany and left the windmills and dikes behind us, heading for the Rhine River Valley and the Black Forest. It was

indeed beautiful. We were fortunate with the weather and with our choice of guesthouses; all were clean, comfortable, and most reasonable. Usually we paid about \$4 per night for the two of us. This included a continental breakfast. Because we did not have a timetable, we were able to spend as much time as we wished at each stop, so the lovely historic places we visited have remained clear in my mind.

I shall always remember Worms Cathedral, standing tall and forbidding in its antiquity, its dull red stone gleaming in the rain. After leaving the cathedral, we went to a delicatessen, picked out the kinds of meat we wanted, had it put in fresh crusty rolls and took them, with slices of crisp, delicate apple strudel, to the car and drove into the countryside. While eating our lunch in the sunshine, we felt at peace with mankind for the first time in months and maybe years.

Then there was Cologne Cathedral with its spires looking as though they were made out of stiffly-starched gray lace and where the young American girl who asked me for directions in halting German was relieved when I answered her in English. We sat on a bench by a fountain and chatted, happy for the moment just to abandon the struggle with a foreign language. Our little poodle had taken the trip well and everywhere we went she was welcomed as we were. Waiters, concerned about her food, brought tidbits from the kitchen. No one turned us away because of her.

I had picked up a severe cold

somewhere along the way so we decided to cut short our trip and head straight for Salzburg; after all, we would be living here and could take trips later on. We arrived in Salzburg late in the afternoon. After we had left the Autobahn, I thought for a moment we had picked the wrong place; it all seemed so modern and without charm, but that was all momentary. We were soon in the old city with narrow winding streets and tall old houses that seemed to lean companionably against each other. Then we had our first view of the fortress dominating the city, Hohen-salzburg. It sits high on a rocky hill in the center of the town and can be seen from any angle, a huge, brooding structure looking down on a Salzburg not so different today from the city that watched the building of the castle in 1077.

I was eager to get out and explore my new hometown. As soon as we had settled into a hotel, not easy in Salzburg in August, we started out and my cold misery was soon forgotten; along the Getreidegasse, a "walking" street of many small but fine shops and intriguing little alleyways and courtyards; to Mozart's family home where a number of his mementoes are displayed, along the pleasant riverside walk to one of the many open air cafes, to rest ourselves and to sample the delicious coffee and utterly delectable, rich and creamy tortes.

OUR FEW pieces of furniture and the large supply of linens we had shipped over had not yet arrived, so we looked for other accom-

modations and fortunately found an attractive furnished apartment to rent on a weekly basis. It was high on a hill overlooking the city, with fields and woods where we could walk right outside the door. That's the joy of this area for us. The town is so compact that one is only ten minutes away from the peaceful countryside. We both love to walk. Our new landlord and his family were so nice. Frau Fritsch spoke a little English and understood our poor German, so she was very helpful to us. We stayed with them for six weeks, but in the meantime we were house-hunting madly. It was discouraging; housing is in short supply here, and we did not want to buy a house until we were more sure of ourselves. Finally we found a duplex, quite new, with modern tiled bath, central heating, and a landlord who agreed to put cabinets and counters in the large but completely empty kitchen. Our things finally arrived and we moved in to unpack in our fourteenth home in the last nineteen years.

Although Austria does not have any U.S. military bases, we are only nine miles from Berchtesgaden, where the Army has a recreation center, and we are allowed to use the facilities there. Munich is only about an hour and three-quarters away by Autobahn and we have a selection of bases there to choose from. We buy a lot locally; the economy is low and food, clothing, furniture, and other necessities are all of good quality.

It has been a tremendous adjustment for us both to make, but so far

we have no regrets. There are things we miss, of course, but there are compensations. Who needs a color TV (it is here), when we have such gorgeous colors from nature to look at; the hills at any hour of the day always so beautiful and changing; the sun setting on the snow and setting it on fire; the skiers streaking down the slopes in their gay jackets; the girls in their pretty dirndls; the small children in their long, red stockings. I don't really miss that second car; I take long walks over the hills, hear only birds, watch the shy red deer and breathe unpolluted air. I'm shedding those excess pounds without dieting. I must admit I miss some of my activities, especially the hospital volunteer work I did, and I really miss having another woman to talk to, but as my command of the language improves, then I will make new friends, I'm sure.

It isn't Utopia, but it is close; we both feel better mentally and physically, although my husband has discovered what many men before him discovered, namely, that forty-eight is too young to completely retire if one is in normal good health.

After being just a tourist for three months, he began to look for something to occupy some of his time, but not demand all of it; he wanted to enjoy this lovely part of the world and feel free to take a trip from time to time. He finally contacted a retired U.S. Army colonel living near Heidelberg who is a district manager for a U.S. mutual fund company. As a result of this meeting, he studied and then sat for the examination,

passed it and has now started his third career. He is still very new to this field but was gratified at the response received in his first week of selling. We have both had an interest in mutual funds, so he is selling something he believes in. Who knows how this will turn out or if it will bring him any satisfaction, but this is his choice and every man should be allowed to live his life in a satisfactory and pleasing way.

BEFORE we left the States several of our friends asked me to try and change Howard's mind about leaving a good job. They seemed puzzled when I said it was as much my desire to move as his and in any case I wouldn't discourage him one iota from doing something his heart was set on. It is harder for me than for him, actually; I'm not retired, and I now have to cope with all my household chores without many of the labor-saving devices we had in the United States. I'll have them again one day, since they are all available here, just rather expensive. Although Howard's retirement check goes a long way here, some things will have to wait.

Our daughter spent Christmas with us and it was a real Christmas; gentle snowfall, the villages dotted with little trees decorated with real candles sparkling like stars. Near here is the village of Oberndorf where "Silent Night" was written 150 years ago. As we came out of the church on Christmas Eve, with the sound of the carol still ringing in our ears, and heard the bells and felt the utter blessed peace of the

night, we knew that we were going to be very happy here and that we would stay a long time, perhaps forever. We are starting into a new year that some people tell us will be momentous. Well, so be it, for us the big year was last year. Now, all is calm and bright here in Austria, long may it remain that way. ■ ■

LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

(Continued from page 18)

It's me, Lord, standing in the need of change.

He saw Hallie apart from the group and clambered from his car to run to her. "I've come to take you home because I can't go through another day without you, my darling. Everyone misses you. Even Mrs. Meade wants us to come to her cottage for dinner."

The beloved blue eyes looked tenderly up in his. "I want to come home, Jo." The dimples flickered in the round cheeks. "What changed Mrs. Meade?"

"I'll fill you in on the details as we drive back. We can't get away from love, my darling—and who wants to?" ■ ■

Hundreds can talk for one who can think.

Thousands can think for one who can see.
—JOHN RUSKIN

Tied Down

or

Roped Up?

By William H. Genné

EVERY bride and groom has had some thoughts about the loss of freedoms in marriage. Many a groom's last bachelor party has warned him about getting "tied down" in marriage.

When we enter marriage with these questioning attitudes it should not surprise us when we sometimes feel trapped, especially when the going gets rough. When we feel trapped we yearn for freedom and sometimes even fight for it.

Is there a different way of thinking about marriage that can help us—both the bride and groom—to achieve the fulfillment and joy of which we dreamed in the happiest, most romantic hours of our courtship?

First, let us think about the loss of freedom. Of course, after mar-

riage you cannot come and go as you please, or spend your money just as you please. This loss of bachelor freedoms, however, is only part of the picture. You are now free to enjoy all the privileges of marriage. No more coming home to an empty room. There is the warmth of companionship, including an ever enriching sex life together.

You are now free to create a home and family. (A person can conceive a baby out of wedlock, but that is not creating a family in the richest, fullest sense of the word.) Your commitments to each other in marriage give you the emotional and spiritual security to undertake the great adventure of creating a home and family.

In the marriage service you are not only committing yourself to each

Mr. Genné is coordinator of Family Ministries, National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027

other but you also acknowledge your committed love to your family, your friends, the community at large and—if you are a believing person—to your God. This means they all know where you stand and what you two intend to do together. All of these others are then free to help and reinforce you in your goals. The support of all these others because of the clear-cut unequivocal commitment of your love as a couple can be of tremendous value throughout your lives together.

If you understand marriage as this commitment to help each other grow into the fullness of manhood and womanhood, you have a deep sense of freedom to grow, to try new things together and to help each other fulfill your highest potential.

Climbing Higher Together

You are not “tied down” so much as you are “roped up” the way two mountain climbers tie themselves together to help each other over the crags and rough spots as they climb together toward the summit. By working together they can help each other climb higher and attain better objectives than either could separately.

Mountain climbers do not expect their way to be strewn with rose petals. They know there will be difficult—even dangerous—times together. They regard each difficulty as a challenge to their skill and work together to successfully overcome it. When a couple has this growing, climbing concept of marriage they are not thrown into panic or self-pity when the going gets rough.

When climbers rope up together they are making a life-and-death commitment to each other. Even if one slips over a cliff, the other is pledged to hold fast till some method of rescue can be worked out.

For the man and woman in the armed services this understanding of the nature of marriage is very important. Certainly men and women in the armed forces know the importance of the kind of teamwork that is willing to lay down a life for a brother in trouble. Marriage needs this same kind of commitment.

With the stresses and strains of service life, there are many hazards. Men overseas and wives at home are often tempted to infidelity. Either may also be tempted to alcoholism or other drugs to escape loneliness or fear.

Growing Together Apart

To offset this loneliness that comes with separation, couples have to develop some special skills to keep growing together while apart. Letters need to be full of details which, although they may seem trivial, give the distant person a clearer picture of just what is happening. Snapshots, clippings, cartoons, and even some of our own drawings, as well as the children's, can communicate many ideas. Some couples read the same paperback books and exchange notes as they go along. Another couple planned their new home by exchanging sketches in their letters.

One famous writer has said that being in love is not so much two pairs of eyes looking into each other

as two pairs of eyes looking forward together. When a couple keep planning and growing, neither distance nor disabilities can destroy their love.

Even when a duty station permits a family to be together, there are some special difficulties that need to be faced. Irregular hours may be very disruptive of family schedules. Fatigue is always a factor that needs to be dealt with in both civilian and service marriages. Tiredness can be like a poison gas, unseen and unheard, that creeps into a marriage and kills it. When a leg is broken, we know we must put it in a cast and give it rest until it heals. Tiredness is not so obvious but if it is not guarded against, it can be very destructive. Deliberate plans must be made to offset fatigue. Couples need to help each other in all of these adjustments.

When a couple have this understanding of marriage as a joyous, though strenuous, adventure in growth together and when they make

their commitment to each other to seek the fulfillment of God's dream for their life together, they will find many strengths to sustain them.

They know that even though they dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, they cannot be separated from the love of God which is really the source of their love for each other. Having committed themselves in sickness or in health, for better or worse, they know that whatever befalls them, God will give them the strength to keep climbing and growing. Even when we goof-off and do something foolish which hurts our partner, if we but come to our senses, we can know God's love that forgives, reconciles, and heals.

As we give ourselves to each other, we can begin to understand how God first loved us. Our faith in his love will grow and help us through difficulties. So God nurtures our married love and our married love gives a sense of reality to God's presence in our marriage adventure. ■ ■

An autograph party was held for Dr. Mays, whose book, *Born to Rebel*, has just been published. Shown: Dr. Benjamin E. Mays (right) is greeting MSG Ernest N. Golden, Chaplain Administrator of the Fort Belvoir Chaplain Section.



World's Most Natural

Comedians

By Frank L. Remington

NOT long ago, the five-year-old son of a woman who was fast approaching her zero hour, noticed her swelling abdomen. "Why are you so fat?" he said.

As a modern mother, she tried to explain that there was a tiny baby in her stomach. The youngster accepted the explanation. That night, after mama tucked him in bed, the tyke asked her to open her mouth. While peering down her throat, he shouted, "Good night down there!"

Another five-year-old attempted to describe to his four-year-old sister how babies got their "tummy buttons." "When God finishes making little babies," he patiently explained, "he lines them up in a row. Then he walks along in front of them and pokes each one in the tummy with his finger, and says, 'You're done, you're done, you're done.'"

A teacher asked her class to give examples of coincidence. There was a long silence. Then a small boy raised his hand. "My father and mother," he said, "were married on the same day."

There's no doubt that the small fry qualify as the world's most natural comedians. Their spontaneous explanations, observations, and unconstrained sayings pack more chuckles than a barrel of laughing gas. Yet their responses are all quite innocent.

One moppet explained his reason for being on top of a ladder eating cookies. "I just climbed up here to smell the cookies and my tooth got caught."

A kindergarten-age Sunday school class expected a visit from the pastor the following Sunday. The apprehensive teacher carefully rehearsed

Believe it or not, they're kids!

the children for the big event. She decided that when the minister asked somebody to tell him who made him little Johnny would stand up and say, "God made me, Reverend." The rest of the class was to remain silent. The following Sunday, the minister arrived and everything progressed according to plan. Ultimately, though, the pastor asked the expected question, "Now can somebody tell me who made us?" An embarrassed silence fell over the gathering. The minister repeated the question, but still none of the tots answered. Finally, a little girl with blond hair and freckles raised her hand and said, "The boy that God made is home sick with the measles."

MANY of the tricycle tribe's retorts and comments originate in Sunday school and in their prayers. One Sunday school teacher reported the difficulty some of her pupils experienced with the Lord's Prayer. One boy had to be told about "Harold be thy name." Another tot thought it was "Give us this day our jelly bread." Still another child prayed, "Lead us not into Penn Station," and yet another surprised the teacher with "Our Father, who art in heaven, how'd you know my name?"

His mother caught one laddie in mischief. "How do you expect," she asked her small son, "to get into heaven?" Junior thought it over for a few moments, and then replied,

"I'll run in and out and keep slamming the door till they say, 'For goodness sake, come in or stay out!' Then I'll go in."

A young businessman, fretful and testy after a rough day at the office, came home to find his two children rushing madly about the house. He delivered a stern lecture to each of them—then sent them to bed. Next morning he found a note pinned to his bedroom door: "Be good to your children and they will be good to you. Yours truly, God."

Around Christmas, the knee-pants set spout off all types of ingenuous humor. "Mommy," declared a four-year-old, "don't you think it was nice of the shepherds to get all cleaned up before seeing the baby Jesus?"

"What do you mean?" his parent asked.

"Oh, you know the song," her son replied. "While shepherds washed their socks by night."

At an elementary school, a class was busily setting up a Christmas scene on the lawn. One youngster approached his teacher and asked uncertainly, "Where shall I put the three wise guys?"

One Sunday school teacher tried to impress her children with the good work that missionaries do. She told them a story of a poverty-stricken native who fractured his arm and landed in a hospital where for the first time he learned about the Christian religion. "Before long," she said, "the broken arm mended

and he returned to his home. Now, how could he learn more about Christianity?" she asked.

The pupils remained silent for several moments. Then a little boy volunteered, "He could break his other arm."

When six-year-old Mike returned from Sunday school, his mother asked him what his lessons had been about. "Well," Mike said, "the teacher told us about the time Moses set out to rescue his people from the Egyptians. Moses led them to the Red Sea and called his engineers to build a bridge across it. After Moses and his people got across they looked back and saw the Egyptians coming after them. So Moses called for some bombs and blew the bridge up."

His mother looked at Mike and said, "Son, are you sure that's what your teacher told you?"

"Well, I changed it some," Mike admitted. "If I told it the way the teacher did, you wouldn't believe it."

A mother lay in a sick bed and couldn't attend church, but her small daughter, Betty, went as usual. "Now remember the text of the sermon," her mother told her. Upon her return, Betty proudly remembered that it was, "Don't be scared, you'll get your quilts." Her mother couldn't figure it out until she later talked with the minister. The text had been, "Fear not, thy Comforter will come."

When it comes to prayers, the knee-pants set come up with some real lulus. After seeing his first football game, a three-year-old boy devised his own bedtime prayer: "God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy, God bless sister, Rah, Rah, Rah."

By way of punishment, one little lady had to eat her dinner alone at a small table in a corner of the dining room. The other family members completely ignored her until they heard her audibly deliver grace over her meal. "I thank Thee, Lord," she said, "for preparing a table before me in presence of mine enemies."

THERE'S no telling what gems the younger generation may mouth. A prim old lady waiting her turn in a bakery shop smiled brightly at the small daughter of the proprietor. "My, my," she said, "you're certainly a well-behaved girl. Don't you ever feel tempted to eat some of those delicious cookies?"

"Oh, no!" the little girl said with a self-righteous air. "I've been taught never to do a thing like that. I only lick them."

Attending his first opera, a young lad asked his mother why the man was waving the stick at the lady. "Shhh," his mother whispered. "He's not shaking the stick at her." "Well," the youngster loudly demanded, "what's she hollering for?"

When she found her mother reading, one little girl, age four, curled up with a book, too. After picking a tome of impressive size from the bookshelf, she settled down on the sofa with it. This lasted about six minutes. "I've decided," she announced, "that it's no fun to read when you can't read."

Lillian, aged nine, was invited to spend a weekend with an elderly maiden aunt. "Honey," her mother said before the little one departed,

(Continued on page 54)

THE KICKER

I HAVE participated in, and watched a great number of thrilling football games, but there is one great moment in this game that was witnessed by myself and other millions of football fans, watching the Sunday afternoon game on November 8, 1970, when the New Orleans Saints played against the favored Detroit Lions. It was in this game that the old adage was thoroughly proved that a game isn't won until the last second of play is completed.

Tom Dempsey of the Saints, who is handicapped by a missing hand and part of his foot, did his thing that thrilling Sunday afternoon. Detroit appeared to have won the game after Erroll Mann had just kicked a perfect 18-yard field goal, with just 11 seconds left in the game, to give the Lions a one-point lead. The New Orleans quarterback snapped a long pass, which was completed to the receiver after the Detroit kickoff, and went off bounds at the Saints' 45 with only two seconds left. The game seemed wrapped up for Detroit.

The New Orleans coach called upon Tom Dempsey, kicking specialist for the team. The ball was snapped by the center perfectly. Then the Saints' bull-strong booter, with his faith depending on his kick, booted with all his might with his toeless foot. The ball took off like an oversized bullet and began sailing upwards, high and straight, and cleared the white uprights by just a few inches for the longest field goal ever: 63 yards, more than half the length of the field, to win the game for New Orleans by a 19-17 score for one of the National League upsets for that weekend. The Detroit team couldn't believe what they had just seen. One player exclaimed later that Tom Dempsey didn't kick that field goal, that God kicked it.

The boot erased the old mark of 56 yards, which was kicked in 1953, by Bert Rechichar of the Baltimore Colts. The New Orleans coach had taken a gamble, and with a little help and a great amount of faith from a kicker, turned defeat into victory.

—Mario DeMarco

Why Wait Till Marriage?

By G. Curtis Jones

IN *Brave New World* Aldous Huxley declared: "There are already certain American cities in which the number of divorces is equal to the number of marriages. In a few years, no doubt, marriage licenses will be sold like dog licenses, good for a period of twelve months, with no lawsuit against changing dogs or keeping more than one animal at a time. As political and economic freedom diminishes, sexual freedom tends compensatingly to increase."

There is an unprecedented sexual revolution in America, a desperate attempt to mesh morality with freedom. Sexual restraints are down; nudity, lovemaking, pornography are open, popular, and commercially profitable.

Experimenters with love cults, sleep-ins, and bed partners should remember that every culture, from the most primitive to the most sophisticated, has norms of behavior, standards of sexual morality.

In an impressive lecture Dr. Robert E. Fitch, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion, enumerated four significant truths in the creation and maintenance of a sex code: (1) either you control sex or sex controls you; (2) sex is for persons; (3) sexual compatibility is not the essential in a happy marriage; (4) sex is social.

Dr. Jones is minister of Woodland Christian Church, 1909 Woodland Drive, Macon, Ga. 31201

Costly Deception

The "big deception" in premarital sexual relations is the illusion that they are isolated acts pertaining only to the two involved. Intercourse is an irrevocable act; it is doing something to and with a person. Neither will ever be the same. Each will have caused the other to be dishonest. The implications are always social and religious. As Helmut Thielicke observes: "Not uniqueness establishes marriage, but marriage establishes uniqueness."

Whenever sex is separated from a person, when it is in defiance or fun, it becomes destructive and sinful. Sex is not to be stolen but shared.

The National Center for Health Statistics reported in 1968 there were 165,700 births to unwed schoolgirls. A 12,000-a-year increase was projected.

Yale Medical School revealed a study of 100 New Haven girls who had babies out of wedlock before age 17. During the following five years, 95 percent of them were pregnant again. Welfare statistics pointed to the possibility that each girl could have nine children. Assuming they remained on welfare assistance, each would eventually cost the community \$100,000.

In 1969 some 1.7 million Americans between the ages of 20 and 34 were living in their own bachelor apartments. This type of independence and isolation is conducive to a multitude of temptations including sexual experimentation and entertainment.

According to public media 50 percent of college women have premarital relations; an even higher percentage of college men.

The pastor of a large congregation once told me 75 percent of the brides he married were pregnant. While this seems high, every minister has his share of accelerated weddings.

I like the way Dr. Weston LaBarre, anthropologist at Duke University, puts it: "Boys must be made to understand that to be a man means taking responsibility for one's actions and for other people. Girls should realize that to become a woman and a wife a girl must first be a person, and that she must be a very mature person before she can be an adequate mother."

The mystique of marriage is puzzling. Throughout history men have

kept mistresses. They have exploited sex, sometimes with women from a race they would not marry. Sex safaris continue.

A study by Professor and Mrs. John Cubber, Ohio State University, indicates that adultery is amazingly common among prominent Americans. It seems to be romantically related to success, independence, and fulfillment. Four hundred thirty-seven individuals from the top echelons of business and professional life were interviewed. Fifty percent of those studied were classified as "utilitarian marriages."

An interesting parallel to or an inevitable result of the Civil Rights emphasis, is the Women's Liberation Movement. Perhaps because of its obvious emphasis on masculinity, women are challenged to launch afresh their crusade for equal rights and responsibilities. As early as 1868 Susan Brownell Anthony declared: "There shall never be another season of silence until women have the same rights men have on this green earth."

In *Sexual Politics* Kate Millett reiterates allegations of unfairness between sexes and reveals "power-structured relationships." She would demolish the patriarchal system. "There is no way but to rebel and be broken, stigmatized and cursed." Such an unnatural stance would seem to make sex a bait or barrier; a battleground, not an acknowledged biological difference that demands respect and reverence.

A friend in Atlanta was working in his yard about dusk when his obviously frustrated neighbor walked over and plunged into serious conversation. Whether he had just withstood a verbal spanking from his wife was not clear but the excited visitor centered on the Women's Lib. Calling my friend by his first name, he said: "What do they want? They control 75 percent of the money in this country and 100 percent of the sex!"

Collegiate Experimentation

Be that as it may, there are a variety of experiments in colleges and universities designed to improve understanding and conduct between sexes. A number of schools have virtually no rules regulating boy and girl relationships. Other institutions insist on the strictest kind of puritan discipline. Limiting the possibility for immorality is not the same as teaching morality.

Oberlin College, for instance, shares insights from co-ed dorm living. Their Dean of Students reports: "It seemed very daring, and we thought up all kinds of complications—appropriate to the attitudes

of about 20 years ago." Now, after two years, he says: "It seems as if we started much longer ago. It already feels like a way of life." The President of Oberlin declares: "We operate on a good old American basic: the majority of students rule and determine their own lifestyle."

Thirty-two percent of students at Oberlin choose to live in co-ed dorms. The new freedom is not free of anxiety. The absence of privacy generates problems; intimate living intensifies sexual urge.

Professor Joseph Katz of Stanford insists that co-ed living does not lead to promiscuity. To the contrary, since brother-sister relationships are encouraged and established, a more normal atmosphere and sexual balance is obtained.

General alienation, conflict of moral purpose and inconsistent Christian practices have created a climate of permissiveness. On the one hand, personal freedom seems limitless while on the other traditional prohibitions, codes of conduct are considered legalistic.

Questionable behavior is frequently equated with the ambiguity of so-called new morality, a term used to include numerous facets of contemporary social change and thinking. It is often identified with sexual liberty.

Paul Lehmann and Joseph Fletcher, two exponents of new morality, would advocate a close examination of moral codes before superimposing them on modern man; they would also argue that existing standards are too legalistic. Whether from the Bible, church, law or inherited traditions, they must be weighed and obeyed in light of extenuating circumstances. To put it simply, it is a plea to substitute love for law. This high ideal is jeopardized by the obvious danger of assuming more maturity than the average person possesses. It would seem to indicate spontaneous decisions are more Christian than the refined experiences of the ages.

Marriage is more than a decision to have sexual intercourse. Marriage is never an experiment. It is always a commitment of two persons to propagate life and perpetuate faith.

What of the Family?

A basic moral dilemma of our day is how are we to preserve the family—its integrity and stability? Will men and women breed like animals or will there be a delicacy, discretion, dedication, reverence for life that generates honor and contagion? Broken families beget broken families.

Does the American family have a future? Since 1890 divorces have

increased 521 percent. Currently 25 divorces are granted annually out of every 100 couples married the previous year.

Does the family have a future when 33 percent of the working force in America are women and one-third of this group married?

Does the family have a future when there are those who are crusading for ZPG (Zero Population Growth)?

Children are no longer economic assets but liabilities. It now costs husband and wife \$24,000 plus to rear a child to age eighteen.

Does the family have a future when premarital and extramarital sex relations are increasing; when the puritan ethic is disappearing?

According to studies by Landis and Landis of 4,000 marriages, four-fifths of those divorced had absolutely no church connections. Does the family have a chance in such a climate?

There is a crisis in America as crucial as Civil Rights, dangerous as bureaucracy and student dissent, insidious as Communism, unpredictable as inflation—the erosion of the Christian home!

Encouraging Signs

Yet, despite pornography, new obscenity, exploitation of sex, trading of husbands and wives, cheap copulation, there are also indications of renewal and authentic approaches to marriage.

Nowadays there are fewer traditional marriage ceremonies, more creativity in weddings. The mere fact that an increasing number of couples regardless of religious identity—if any—are turning to the church for the affirmation and confirmation of their love indicates need and acknowledges that it requires more than two to make a marriage.

As long as couples are willing to stake all on a mutual decision, to stand before an altar, however simple, in consecration and self-surrender to each other and to God, the home can be holy.

The heavenly Father divided his family into male and female. His commandments are implicit and inescapable. Betrayal is betrayal whether on the battlefield, in the Congress of the United States, a hotel room, a rock festival, or in a parked car. The “pill” is not a substitute for purity; nor early pregnancy an indication of maturity.

Chastity is more than a Victorian concept. It is the refined wisdom of bitter experience. Morals are not conceived and superimposed to make life miserable, but stronger and happier. Promiscuity leads not to permanent pleasure but fear, anxiety, compromise, and loss of self-respect. ■ ■

"Pilot, Can You Pray?"

By Ora A. Clement

THE altimeter read 2,500'. As I checked our position I wondered what was waiting for us down there where Hopeful had radioed for help. It was our second mission for that night. I hoped it wouldn't be as bad as the first. I called Hopeful and got immediate response.

"We're over your position now, at 2,500. Turn on your strobe. I'm blacking out, ready for descent. You've secured the area?"

"Secured. Make it snappy."

That sounded like bad cases. Snipers, probably. We had no report of active fighting in that area. I switched off the anti-collision lights, with a prayer, and we began our descent in total darkness. During those dangerous minutes when our helicopter approached the ground, I always thought of my wife and, at the same time, prayed wordlessly to my God, in my heart promising them both that I would do my best on this errand of mercy in a war that I hated. My earlier trip that

night had carried two frightfully wounded GIs to the hospital. If there had to be a war, I was glad that I could do my bit by helping instead of maiming. I never got any kick from hunting either pheasants or rabbits, to say nothing of *men*!

At 200' I switched on my searchlight and played it over the field until I located the secured area. There was a Marine on hand to guide us in. We could see two or three fellows waiting beside the patients who were on cots or stretchers.

Not a minute was lost. As soon as we touched ground, the attendants were on the way with the casualties. As quickly and gently as possible our crew helped get them onto our deck. Checking them I found we had one GI unconscious but so far as we could discover without wounds; a Viet woman and child, both scared to death, starved and screaming; one Marine in really bad shape, his clothes soaked with blood. Besides ugly flesh wounds he seemed

to have a broken arm.

In minutes we were aloft again, and our medic and crew were already working on the wounded man. Pat, beside me, had broken out cans of broth for the woman and child.

I KNEW when the fellows turned attention to the man who was unconscious and quiet. I suspected that he was beyond help. The crew seemed to think so, too. "He's a goner, isn't he, Doc?" one of them said.

"I don't think so," the medic answered quietly. "Give him a drink. Not *that*—water!"

I grinned a bit, to myself. Our crew were all good fellows but I knew that to most of them a *drink* didn't mean water. Our medic was new to us, and I was hoping to get better acquainted with him for I had a sneaking notion that he and I might talk the same language. I don't mean the language of a doctor—what I know of doctors and medicine you could write on a parking ticket—but from what I'd seen and heard of our man, I guessed that he came from my part of the U.S.A. It was when I was in Junior High that I learned that some smarties call it the "Bible Belt." In training camp I found out those were dirty words. That was why I'd warmed up to this medic who, I was sure, came from somewhere west of the Mississippi.

On our first mission together I noticed that he could look at a nasty wound without any cuss words. And he could give an impudent orderly a dirty look that would bring him to time without an obscene comment.

I don't mean that I really condemn the medics for their profanity. Theirs is a nasty job and if swearing helps them any it is okay by me, but when I meet up with one like this man, Milton, who can take it without swearing, I feel that I've found a purebred.

"How long will it be till we get to the hospital?" I started a bit—I hadn't known he was so near me. As always, he spoke very quietly.

I answered over my shoulder: "Not many minutes. How is he?"

"I really can't say. Apparently he's in shock. There may be internal injuries, but I doubt it."

"That's tough!"

"You can say that again!" After a few seconds he spoke again very close to my ear: "Pilot, can you pray?"

"I sure can!" Then I thought I'd better explain. "I'm not much good at the prayer meeting kind."

"That goes for me, too, brother!" he said earnestly. Then he went on: "I don't know what happened to this man back here, but what he needs and has got to have right now only God himself can give. Let's you and me pray for him. Right?"

"Right!"

I never went on a flight on which I didn't pray silently for God's help and protection for myself and my crew and for my wife and kid at home. But to pray with all my heart for a bad situation and a man I did not know was something new to me. I couldn't even shut my eyes to make it seem more like real praying for I had to watch the monitoring devices. Just the same, I prayed as I had not

prayed since the day my dad was gored by old Pomp, the Angus bull. I knew the medic was doing the same. And although we had said nothing to the rest, I knew the men all felt the Presence, too. There was complete silence at the moment except for the rattle of the propellers.

I WAS whispering, "God have mercy, and help this man—" when the medic began, beside me: "The Lord is my shepherd—" Then I could hardly believe my ears when another voice joined in—that of Butch Hogan who was the toughest and most profane man of our crew. Then came the smooth voice of my colored side-kick, who had his head bowed in his hands. Then Irish Mike joined us. When the psalm ended the Medic began "Our Father—" and we all were with him. At the "amen" there was a tiny spurt of light from the medic's flashlight and he exclaimed: "He opened his eyes! Hold the thought, men! I believe he sensed what we were saying!"

I could not turn to look for we were nearing our terminal position and I had to prepare for descent, but I knew there was complete silence back of me and I was as sure as anything that healing had begun.

We made a safe landing on the field near the hospital. The patients were carried in with all possible haste. The crew and I hurried off to get some rest if we could before our next call. The medic was whisked away to some other outfit and it was several days later that we met up again.

"What became of that shock

case?" I asked him.

"He came out of it nicely. The doctors say that if he hadn't been brought out of shock very quickly the brain damage would have been very serious. By the way," he went on, "he wasn't a serviceman at all. He was a specialist in one of the big universities, doing research on the subject of 'shock.' If he hadn't gotten the help he did and when he did, the scientific world would have lost one of its most promising young Ph.D.'s."

In the same conversation Doc let me know that he had interrupted his seminary course to do his bit for his country.

"I didn't quite see how I could do the work of a medical missionary if I didn't practice medicine where it was needed most just at this time."

Remembering the experience we shared and the power we had felt during those few minutes in the darkness between the earth and sky, the sting of old taunts smarted under my skin. I grinned up at him and said slangily: "It just goes to show that we hicks from the Bible Belt better get with it and keep our seat belts fastened, doesn't it?"

He slapped my shoulder boyishly. "Man, does it ever!" he agreed with me.

Our ways separated, and I never took him up again, but in every tight place I seem to hear him whisper: "Pilot, can you pray?"—and I do pray, in faith believing.

I hope the Ph.D. whose name I never knew, understands as well as I do what it was saved him that night. *Prayer changes things!* ■ ■

The Case of the Innocent Gambler

By Paul McAfee

Another adventure with Private Horatio Collingswood
Otis, the Fourth—this time on a troopship

THE CAPTAIN of a troopship seldom becomes personally involved with Army privates. He seldom becomes involved with Army personnel of any rank, even though the skipper may be assigned troopship duty for years.

I cannot recall, within recent memory, having had any personal contact with an enlisted man of the Army—until my encounter with Private Otis. That is, Private Horatio Collingswood Otis, the Fourth, to be exact. For the good of my career, which includes my health (nerves, to be more definitive), I hope I shall never again come in contact with such an individual, closer than a troop or boarding manifest.

But I must admit, I do know Private Otis—all six-feet five-inches of him, tall and skinny, awkward and shy. And I must also admit that I am certain I will never forget him.

On every troopship that ever sailed the seven seas, there has arisen an inevitable situation—that of gambling. It may be with cards, utilizing the age-old game of poker. Or it may be in pools as to when the ship will dock, the winner holding the closest time as to day and hour. Each person has contributed to such a pool, and there are usually gradations in placing, down to the tenth man. Then there is craps. Galloping dominoes. The blanket is spread, the ivory is commanded to bounce off a



bulkhead and the game commences. Money changes hands, fantastic amounts of money. And now and then, it is not unlikely that a ship's officer is involved, either winning a bundle or losing his middy-blouse.

Somehow Private Otis sat in a five-card poker game, and thereby hangs this tale. It was on deck three, at the stern. The players were squatted or seated about an Army blanket. Navy blankets could never be used for such a lowering occupation!

Private Otis had ten dollars when he entered the game. He lost all but two dollars of the ten in the first two hands. Then he began to win. The game started with six players and some got out and others sat in. Finally, it dwindled down to four players for the rest of the game.

Suddenly, after seesawing back and forth for several hands, winning and losing, never gaining, Otis began to win regularly. He took pot after pot. Another of the players dropped out and sat on the sidelines watching. Then another dropped out.

This left Private Otis and another soldier, a Master Sergeant, Army type. He was a quick-fingered, alert individual. During the game he had laughed a lot, dealing the cards with a smooth, experienced flow from rather loose, agile fingers. But now that Otis was winning and the others had been forced from the game, the sergeant had become morose. He had been the big winner until Otis had entered the game. Later, Otis admitted that he had entered the game with little knowledge of cards, more to fill a boring

afternoon than anything else.

PRIVATE OTIS won another pot. As the large awkward hands pulled the money toward him and began sorting the bills and change, the sergeant across from him was talking in a loud, irritating voice.

"Don't be put out, Sergeant," said Otis. "You had a good hand. Most anyone would have bet as you did."

There was a sudden dead silence about the blanket. The sergeant jerked up his head and stared at the skinny soldier. "What did you say? What do you mean? I threw my cards into the discard face down and you never saw them. How do you know what I held?"

"Oh, I read the little marks on the corner of the cards," Otis remarked innocently, continuing to gather up and sort his money.

The silence grew heavier, then one of the largest losers spoke up.

"What do you mean, Otis? What little marks?"

Otis looked surprised and the sergeant started to rise. Someone shoved him down and the looks on the faces about the blanket told him to stay where he was. Looking at them, the sergeant obeyed, watching Otis with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

"Why, didn't you know? I thought it was part of the game! There is a funny little mark in some kind of queer-colored ink on the upper right-hand corner of all the cards. I have a color sight that can see such marks which are supposed to be absorbed into the surrounding colors. You know, like the color-blindness test

they give you when you come into the service?" Otis held up three cards, faced them toward the others, staring at the backs of the cards. "This is an ace of diamonds, the queen of hearts, and the nine of spades." He had picked them at random from the discard without looking at them first.

"A marked deck!" someone shouted and a growl of anger went up from the crowd around the blanket.

"Who owns the deck?" a seaman asked. Private Otis looked blank.

"I don't really know," he said. "I came into the game late and this is the same deck of cards that has been used ever since I got here."

Eyes turned to the sergeant. He threw back his head. "I didn't furnish the deck," he said. There was a flicker of fear in his eyes. "I think Otis asked for a deck and brought this one in when no one else had one."

"Naw, he didn't either," enjoined one of the men who had most recently dropped out of the game. "I was in the game and left after Otis got in. He never asked for no new deck." All eyes were on the sergeant now. They knew that his pockets were stuffed with winnings, winnings from almost a full day at the blanket.

"It belongs to the sergeant," someone claimed. "I was playing when the first hand was dealt this morning and the sergeant got the game up and took the deck from his pocket." He leaned over and glared at the sergeant. "Even the blanket is yours, Serg," he growled.

Private Otis turned red. He stum-

bled to his feet and stepped on some toes that had crowded too close. The owner of the toes cried out in pain and hopped back. Otis stood stiff and still. "Then the cards aren't supposed to be marked?"

Heads shook negatively at his question.

"I—I didn't know that. I thought you were supposed to be able to learn to read the cards and make your plans accordingly." He took the winnings from his pocket and held it up. "I want to give all of this back. One thing I don't do is lie or cheat!"

A seaman first-class shoved his way into the group. "Never mind that right now, Private. Let's just take care of the one who brought the cards into the game in the first place. We believe you when you say you didn't know. No one could win, the way you play, unless he could read the cards, and you just don't look like a card shark."

The sergeant jumped to his feet. "Now just a minute. You are just a bunch of sore losers, that's all." He started to shove through the crowd, but a couple of men stopped him.

"Let's go and see the CO," a soldier said. The sergeant started to struggle, but others joined in and the man was marched away.

The sergeant was brought before his commanding officer. It was found that he had been running a game since the ship sailed and that in his footlocker was over a thousand dollars. All of it, with the exception of about three hundred had been gained with his marked cards and loaded dice. In the footlocker, along with the money were found several

new decks of cards, all marked, and a half-dozen pair of dice, all loaded.

After the court-martial was held, the money would be used, no doubt, to enhance the kitty of some NCO club somewhere.

OTIS became a hero among the GIs—and the sailors, also. They patted him on the back and made sure that he had a good place in the chowline. I sent for him to congratulate him personally.

He knocked on the door of the outer office, where my aide and typist were located. I heard a terrible racket and heard a solid thump. The door opened and my aide looked in.

"What was that noise?" I asked.

"That was Private Otis, sir," he answered. He was rubbing his shins and grimacing painfully.

"What happened?"

"He knocked on the door and before I could answer it, he opened it. He hit my shins with the door and I fell into the typewriter and knocked it on the floor."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"No, sir," he hesitated. "The typewriter fell on Seaman Jones's leg, sir, and I have called for a stretcher to take him to sick-bay." Impossible. Just by opening a door?

"How is Private Otis?"

"Him?" The aide looked surprised and also puzzled. "You know, sir, he is backed up against the far wall here and looks like he is in shock—and he wasn't hurt at all."

I shook my head. Incredible. "All right, maybe you had better bring him in before he wrecks my ship," I said. The aide turned and nodded

and beckoned to Otis. The tall, gangly figure strode in through the door. He was the tallest and skinniest man I have ever seen in uniform. He saluted and I winced as his big hand barely missed the edge of my chandelier.

I congratulated him on his astuteness in ferreting out the cheat. He assured me that he thought the marked deck was part of the game. And I believed him—really I did. No one could say it with such conviction, in the way he did, and maintain such an air of innocence and bewilderment unless he really was innocent of any cheating or even the idea of it.

Gambling is forbidden on troopships—it always has been. But try as hard as we do, now and then someone gets a game going, and others are bilked out of their hard-earned pay. On my ship the big game was stopped—thanks to the innocence of Private Horatio Collingswood Otis, the Fourth! ■ ■

THE SLANDERER

He who speaks with venomous tongue
Or wields a vicious pen
Can never weigh the damage done,
The vileness of his sin.

He above all who deals in crime,
And who paints wrong as right,
Inscribes his name on scrolls of
shame,
A thief who works at night.

He wishes and craves with all his heart
The name his victim hath
But he refused to live the life,
Walking the narrow path.

—James Montgomery Hester

His Convictions Met the Test

By Aubrey B. Haines

He turned the church around

FEW THEOLOGIANS have been hanged. One who was—although he has been dead twenty-six years—is winning a growing following among American clergymen and seminary students nowadays. What makes Dietrich Bonhoeffer notable is not the way that he was executed by the Nazis in 1945. Nor is it because of his theological concepts. He is important because of his many Christian insights. The greatest is that the Christian must not withdraw from the world but live in it completely, with his faith. Bonhoeffer challenged the church to reconsider its mission to today's secular world.

Unlike many theologians, Bonhoeffer's life was a continuation of his beliefs. Born in 1906 into a prominent family in Breslau, Germany, he had all of life's advantages.

His father was a leading physician and professor of psychiatry in Berlin. His mother was the daughter of Emperor Wilhelm's chaplain.

At age twenty-one Dietrich wrote a dissertation that Karl Barth called a "theological miracle." Risking his teaching career, Bonhoeffer met Hitler head-on. The second day after Hitler became Chancellor, Dietrich gave a radio address that attacked the trend toward personal leadership. "Cut off the air," he said, "I was forever afterward a marked man."

Distrusting the self-styled "German Christians" who followed the Nazi line, Bonhoeffer accepted a pastorate in England in 1933. When most of the long-established seminaries were taken over by the "German Christians" and their Nazi-supported church, the authorities of the

Mr. Haines is a freelancer living at 684 E. Fifth Avenue, Pomona, Calif. 91766

Confessional Church felt the need for a new seminary.

At the time Bonhoeffer was pastor of a German-speaking congregation in London. Invited to establish such a seminary, he accepted the challenge, and a site in Finkenwalde—near Stettin—was chosen. The building had housed a private school earlier. Nevertheless, it accommodated Bonhoeffer as principal, a vice-principal, a small domestic staff, and from fifteen to twenty seminary students.

Soon a daily pattern of Christian living was established. Several members of the first group of young clergymen who came remained to form, with Bonhoeffer, the House of Brothers. The reason for founding this inner group was to give more energetic, thorough leadership to the seminary's life of prayer, meditation, and active service than could be expected from newcomers.

Bonhoeffer and the young students opened their minds to the problems of the modern world, hoping to gain deeper insight into them. They were acquainted with the best of the world's philosophy and literature. In living with his brothers and sharing Christian insights with them, Bonhoeffer's own faith deepened and became enriched. "The common life can be lived within the context of the whole church," Bonhoeffer taught the young ministers. "Every Christian, congregation, and regional church is a member of the Body of which Christ is the head. No one can live or die to himself."

By 1937 the Nazis had begun to interfere with Bonhoeffer's work.

Two years later Dietrich gained permission to travel in the United States. Some time before then he had spent a year on a scholarship at New York's Union Theological Seminary. His second trip to America, however, proved to be an unhappy experience. "I realized that war was coming," he said, "and I knew that—since I couldn't conscientiously take up arms—I would be arrested if I returned to Germany. Nevertheless, I was convinced that I must go back."

Returning to Germany, Dietrich participated in the anti-Nazi underground movement. Then the Gestapo caught up with him on April 5, 1943. For two years Bonhoeffer was held in prison and in concentration camps. At age thirty-nine he was hanged at Flossenburg, Bavaria, on the charge of plotting indirectly to kill Hitler.

Christ's Call: Follow Me

In his longest, best-known book, *The Cost of Discipleship*, Bonhoeffer developed his idea of the essence of Christianity: the answer to Christ's call, "Follow me." Dietrich's answer is neither a confession of faith nor the formulation of a doctrinal system. It is spontaneous, simple obedience in taking up one's own cross. "When Christ calls a man," he wrote, "he bids him to come and die."

Bonhoeffer believed that a Christian disciple is genuinely one only insofar as he shares Christ's suffering, rejection, and crucifixion. He believed that grace is not cheap but costly—"the treasure hidden in the field," for the sake of which "a man will gladly go and sell all that he has."

Bonhoeffer served the Christian cause many times in various places: in Spain, twice in the United States, and often in Great Britain, Germany, and Sweden. During his prison years his thinking flowered into letters and papers that he managed to smuggle out. "The modern technological world," he wrote, "has come of age. It no longer looks to God for its answers but to natural law and to science." Nevertheless, Bonhoeffer saw hope in the world's godlessness. "Perhaps it is for that reason nearer to God than ever before," he wrote. "Our coming of age forces us to a true recognition of our situation face to face with God."

The nonbelieving brave men he met in the anti-Nazi underground, the stark prison life, and the disillusionment with German churchmen all may have influenced Bonhoeffer to see real Christianity as "nonreligious" and "worldly."

Nevertheless, no trace of hopelessness or ingratitude is found in his remarkable letters from prison. "During the last year or so I have come to appreciate the 'worldliness' of Christianity as never before," he wrote. "The Christian is not a religious man but a man, pure and simple, just as Jesus was a man. . . . Only by living completely in this world does one learn to believe. One must abandon every attempt to make something of himself."

"This is what I mean by worldliness: taking life in one's stride, with all its duties and problems, its successes and failures, its experience and helplessness. In such a life we throw ourselves utterly into the arms

of God and participate in His sufferings in the world. That is faith, that is repentance, and it makes one a man and a Christian. How can success make us arrogant or failure lead us astray when we participate in the sufferings of God by living in this world?"

Bonhoeffer's Last Words

A fellow prisoner reports Bonhoeffer's last words, "This is the end; for me the beginning of life." The church of Flossenburg remembers him with a plaque dedicated to one who was "a witness to Jesus Christ among his brothers." A buoyant, friendly man, Dietrich Bonhoeffer had no martyr complex.

"Whoever," he said, "sets eyes on the body of Christ in faith can never speak again of the world as though it was lost. He can never again with clerical arrogance set himself apart from the world. The world belongs to Christ."

As a German pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer met and fought the demonic element in modern society yet remained open to God at work in modern life. He was both completely Christian and entirely modern, both a thinker and a man of action.

In a Germany under Nazi rule he led a "brotherhouse" that fused work and worship in a communal life. He was aggressive in the activities of the "confessing church" that opposed Hitler's efforts to make the church his servant, and he worked and traveled on behalf of the anti-Nazi resistance movement. Then, in prison, he encouraged his fellow prison-

(Continued on page 50)

An American Church in London

By Caspar Nannes

THE FLEDGLING American Church in London is seeking to become international, interracial, and interdenominational.

These are the goals its first full-time minister, the Reverend William M. Schotanus, has set for the young congregation that is worshipping regularly on Sundays in historic St. Mark's (Anglican) Church at 13 North Audley Street in the heart of London's business section.

But the American Church in London, organized as an independent congregation after the U.S. Navy announced early in 1969 that it could no longer fund the Navy Chapel, has additional aims in its ecumenical outreach.

"We do not want to become a kind of social club," Dr. Schotanus declared. "To justify our existence as a church in London we want to become involved with the problems of the city."

Definite efforts along these lines have already been launched by the

American Church. It has helped with the Lady Margaret Settlement House in Lambeth, an inner city mission, by providing funds so children can be bused out into the country or spend a day at the zoo.

The congregation provides a small Baptist church in the East End having many children but few adults with some leadership help and with a Christian education program.

On still another front, Schotanus has visited and talked with the people running the Samaritans in London. These volunteers man telephones twenty-four hours a day to answer urgent and frequently desperate calls and refer the callers to places where they can be helped. Sometimes calls come in from despairing dope addicts or frantic persons contemplating suicide; sympathetic listening coupled with judicious advice has prevented many a personal tragedy.

Yet another endeavor centers around reaching the many young

Americans living, sometimes alone, in London. The Stamford, Connecticut, native hopes to make the American Church in London a center for these young students and workers. He further pointed out that the church will also attempt to be a meeting place for students attending two secondary American schools here—the American School of London with 1,500 students and the Overseas School of London with about 700 pupils.

When the Navy announced in 1969 that it could not continue supporting the Navy Chapel, which was started during World War II for armed forces personnel and subsequently attracted many civilians to its services, the question arose as to what should be done. A committee strong in faith and determination was formed, and the independent congregation was organized with the Reverend Marcus A. Spencer, a retired Presbyterian minister living in London, as interim pastor. The first Communion Service was held July 6, 1969, in St. Mark's Church. Chaplain Lloyd W. Letten, Jr., was Navy Chaplain when the American Church was established.

Later Chaplain George A. Wright, Fleet Chaplain, U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, took over and rendered invaluable service to the budding congregation.

Schotanus, who came as full-time minister in May, 1970, explained, "We are just starting from scratch. It has been a loose knit group until now. Most Americans have tried the established church here and have not found what they are looking for.

We are trying to fill in that need, not only for worship but also for Christian education and fellowship, somewhat as they had it in the United States. They are hungry for this."

The minister believes "a small group fellowship is the answer to many problems. We are trying to provide small groups and get our people involved where they can share problems and mutually help on both youth and adult levels."

Among the organizations of the congregation are the Men of the Church, Women of the Church, Junior Choir, Juniors (7th, 8th, and 9th graders), Seniors (10th, 11th, and 12th graders), Altar Guild, Bible Study Guild, Coffee Guild, and Hospitality Guild.

Two Hundred Sign Its Covenant

Although interdenominational, the American Church in London has adopted a covenant containing a basic set of Christian beliefs. Over 200 persons have signed the covenant as official members of the congregation; 100 of them are charter members. Its 1970 Church Council Officers were Edward M. Nelson, chairman; John J. Glover, vice-chairman; Harold G. Vorhees, treasurer; and John D. Dillon, secretary.

Most of the members are associated with American industrial companies having offices in London. There are approximately 20,000 Americans, including 8,000 families, living in London, the largest concentration of United States citizens outside their native land.

"Word about the church is beginning to get around," Schotanus ex-

plained. "People are hearing about us, and we have more than 300 worshippers at Sunday services."

A tall, solidly built man of pleasant personality, Schotanus has the broad background needed for making such an ecumenical and ambitious venture succeed. Following Army service in the South Pacific during World War II, he returned to Georgia Tech University to complete his B.S. degree in engineering in 1946. For the next four years he held engineering positions around Atlanta, Georgia, but eventually decided that his life's work lay in the ministry.

"I came to the conviction that we had a greater need in the world for more than machines," he declared. "We need men to live as we should live. I consider myself a human engineer now."

An engineer, Schotanus explained, gets inanimate objects to do what he wants them to do. A human engineer inspires people to live as the Creator planned they should live.

"I think a church's mission in particular is to help men live as they know in their souls they must live," he asserted.

Schotanus was graduated from Columbia Theological Seminary in Atlanta in 1953 and was ordained the same year. He received his D.D. degree in 1959 from King College, Tennessee. He came to the American Church in London after a six-year pastorate at Ward Parkway Presbyterian Church in Kansas City, Missouri. He is married and has two children: Nan, recently married, and Chris, just returned from Vietnam following Army service there. Both

children are living in the United States.

St. Mark's Church, where the American Church in London holds its services, was built in 1828 as a "Chapel of Ease" for St. George's (Anglican) Church at Hanover Square. It seats 1,350 worshippers. The interior was remodelled on its 50th anniversary, in 1878. After World War I ended a small memorial chapel was built honoring those who had died in battle. ■ ■

HIS CONVICTIONS MET THE TEST

(Continued from page 47)

ers and provided a strong Christian witness among them until he was executed. Formal theologians have not widely accepted his provocative insights, but nobody belittles his record of sacrificial service.

Today many Americans are reading Bonhoeffer, whose books are increasingly appearing in paperback form. Some readers may find him too revolutionary for their nature. However, they will discover much that speaks to their own condition as they ponder over the words of this German Protestant martyr and observe the work of his living brethren. In Europe today there are lay leaders who are manning some of the same stations that Bonhoeffer himself manned and who are fighting some of the same battles that he fought. ■ ■

Forgiveness Is Always Best

By Gordon Chilvers

NEW HAPPINESS came to a man as he left the one who had greatly wronged him. His brother poisoned the minds of his parents against him. Then he maneuvered him out of his share of the family business. The injured man swore he would never forgive.

Later, he heard the business had failed. So had his brother's health. He was down and out.

The injured man went straight to see his brother, had him moved to a good hospital and paid for first-rate medical care which cured him. He partly rehabilitated the business putting his brother in charge again under a just but generous arrangement. He reestablished the broken relationship. He forgave, not merely in words or inner feelings, but in deeds.

"I feel as if a huge weight had

been lifted," he said later on. "I knew the thing had been riding me, but I had no idea how much. It is as though a demon had been driven out. I'm at peace with myself. And I've found my brother once more."

He had to override a long-harbored resentment and the temptation to be hard and revengeful. Far from easy, it was costly. But it was worth it.

When a person commits a trivial offense against you, he can be promptly pardoned. When a person says, "Sorry," the reply, "Oh, don't mention it," usually ends the matter.

A serious offense is not so easily resolved. If it should be malicious slander or treachery involved in a broken friendship, can you forgive then?

True forgiveness is removing an offense so completely that it is never

Mr. Chilvers is a freelancer living at 23 Rowington Road, Norwich, England

again mentioned or ever allowed to influence our conduct.

Forgiving others can be difficult. It is hard to avoid bitterness when we have been wronged. Saying we forgive and actually forgiving are quite different. To inspire us to forgive we look for someone who freely showed the spirit of forgiveness.

Our Splendid Example

Jesus gave us a splendid example of pardoning those who inflict injury. Jesus was deeply grieved that Judas, one of the inner band of twelve disciples, should seek to betray him. Yet he treated the traitor with utmost kindness. Just as Judas was about to do this ghastly deed, Jesus gave him a morsel he had dipped in the dish, a sign of special friendship. Jesus was assuring Judas of his love for him, even at the moment of betrayal.

Again, Jesus refused to name the one who should betray him, even though the other disciples were keen to identify the man. Had Jesus mentioned Judas' name, the eleven would have prevented his leaving the upper room. Yet Jesus did say sufficient to let Judas know that he knew what Judas intended to do. Jesus was still ready to forgive Judas, if he would repent of his wickedness.

When nailed to the cross Jesus' first word was: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke 23:34).

As disciples of the One who freely pardons others, forgiveness is to be the ruling spirit of our lives. Indeed so close is forgiveness to the heart of Christianity that when a Christian

spirit is spoken of, a forgiving spirit is usually meant.

Jesus was within a few days of his showing this forgiveness when he said: "Whenever you stand praying, forgive, if you have anything against anyone; so that your Father also who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses" (Mark 11:25). Forgiving others who injure us is evidence that we have received God's forgiveness.

Forgiveness does not mean that we condone the offense. Far from it. Only the Christian can truly forgive because he alone knows the shame of sin. The offended person knows the seriousness of the offense as he had been an offender, at least before God. Yet he loves so much that he will go to the limits of his power to get that sin removed.

About two years ago a minor official in a business had committed a serious offense. The president of the company was shocked. When called in to see him, the man expected dismissal. "You know the gravity of what you did? Are you sorry for it?" the man was asked. The offender was. "I once offended seriously. I was forgiven and now I will forgive you." The other man could hardly believe he had heard correctly. The president also removed some of the difficulties the man had.

Speaking a year later, the offended man spoke of the other as one of the best men in the business. The offense was never mentioned again.

True, it is not natural for men to forgive. Hence the bitterness we find in this world. Yet, forgiving others is certainly spiritual. Paul put it this way: "Be kind to one another, ten-

derhearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you" (Ephesians 4:32).

When someone has injured us, we have an opportunity to do something which is truly Christlike. We cannot imitate Christ in raising the dead, or in teaching the Sermon on the Mount. Yet forgiving others is one thing we can all do in imitating Christ. Forgiving our sins is the first thing Jesus did for us. Forgiving others is one of the first things we can do for him.

By saying that the injured party was not to wait for the offender to come to him, Jesus stressed the urgency of forgiving others. He was to move first: "If your brother sins against you, go and tell him his fault, between you and him alone. If he listens to you, you have gained your brother" (Matthew 18:15).

How Complete Should Our Forgiveness Be?

We look at God's forgiveness of our sin. He forgives us so fully that the sin is forgotten and we are restored to fellowship with God. Moreover, God does not limit the number of times he forgives us.

Is there any other motive for forgiving those who have offended us? Yes. A minister was once asked to speak to a wealthy, cultured woman who was greatly distressed. Ten years earlier, another woman had seriously offended her having induced her husband to leave her. The husband was dead so all opportunity of restoration was now past. She felt she could never forgive the offense.

At first, the minister was at a loss

for a suggestion. Then he said: "You know how much Christ loves you. Would you not like to do something for him? Now you cannot forgive this woman for her own sake, but will you not forgive her for Christ's sake?"

Immediately a light came into her face. She said: "I had never thought I could forgive her, but I feel that I can do it for Christ's sake."

She forgave the other woman. After ten years of misery, she knew again the peace of God and abounding joy.

Do we hesitate to forgive an offense? What then? We have a grudge against the offender and seek revenge. This has never done any good. Despite the proverb, revenge is not sweet. It comes from an unhealthy spirit.

Further, we do ourselves an injury. The resentment will become a festering sore. The offense will become giant sized. The soul will become bitter and hardened and spiritual maturity will become impossible. For resentment is a poison that eats into the soul and sours the whole life. Refusal to forgive an offense will bring a heavy burden to the non-forgiver.

Modern psychiatry tells us that the unforgiving spirit can do as much harm as the unforgiven sin. Resentment can wreck harmonious living.

An elderly man was recently asked: "What do you consider your worst mistake?" He replied: "Refusal to forgive someone who injured me." He added: "I threatened I'd never forgive the man. I haven't. But I have only hurt myself. I have dark-

ened my life ever since that day."

Yet what a transforming power lies in our forgiving others! Forgiveness will bring great benefit to those we pardon. As we live with them in healing and creative love, the burdens of their life will be lighter. They in turn will have an incentive to forgive others. Our action will thus mean an increase of peace and joy to many.

Forgiving others will enrich our own lives, too. Having done what God does, we shall find stronger and sweeter fellowship with our Father. Spiritually, we shall become more mature. We shall experience the flood of God's peace in our hearts; heavenly joy will saturate us.

How many people are losing peace and joy because they have not forgiven an offense that has been committed against them! Yet this loss need not continue. Forgive as Christ forgave you and what a difference it will make to your life.

Forgiving others is hard. Yet as we resolutely refuse to think of the offense we shall be able to pardon the offender. Then we shall know a joy sweeter even than being forgiven, the joy which comes from forgiving others. ■ ■

WORLD'S MOST NATURAL COMEDIANS

(Continued from page 30)

"remember your aunt is very proper. Be careful what you say. For instance, if you want to go to the bathroom, just say, 'I'd like to powder my

nose, please.'"

During her visit, Lillian's behavior was exemplary. As her niece was leaving, the aunt told her how much she had enjoyed the youngster's visit. "Come again, my dear," she invited, "and next time you might be able to bring your little sister, Betty."

"I don't think so," Lillian said. "You see Betty still powders her nose in bed."

After a spat with her mother, one small girl ran out of the house. She did, however, leave a poison pen letter. It read, "Dear Mommy, I hate you. Love, Karen."

The day they brought his new sister home from the hospital four-year-old Kenneth had an important question that he wanted to ask her. "Susan," he said, regarding the infant solemnly, "I know you can't talk yet, so just nod your head yes or no."

The small fry have minds of their own and very definite ideas about how they will conduct themselves in the future. Alice had been listening to her aunt and uncle arguing violently over the discipline of their little boy. Disgustedly she turned to her mother and whispered, "When I grow up, I'm going to be an old maid. Then I can raise my children to suit myself."

With their innocence and lack of knowledge of the world about them, the little dears must be ranked as the world's most natural comedians. ■ ■

POLITICIAN: A man who runs for office and then runs for cover.—Lucille J. Goodyear.

GETTING AWAY FROM IT



Any one of the more than 4,000 Marines stationed at the Marine Corps Air Station, Iwakuni, Japan, may find himself saying: "No money to spend . . . I'm tired after a hard day's work . . . I'm lonely and need to relax. . . ."

Then a pleasant alternative may be to relax at the Iwakuni Servicemen's Center (see above right), just a block from the main gate. There a man can relax, read, take part in activities or use the facilities. He can get away from it all . . . get a cup of coffee (below left); or play some games like chess (below right).

The word *Christian* in the Christian Servicemen's Center doesn't mean you have to attend religious meetings. Of course, it is possible to take part in religious sessions; but no one is "pushed" into these meetings.

Relaxation and stimulating conversation are afforded through fellowship with the attractive young ladies who work at the center.

Each month the center publishes a schedule of that month's activities. There are free tours of the surrounding area; programs and Japanese cultural studies. Drop in and get a copy of the monthly schedule. The Iwakuni Christian Servicemen's Center has seen its first decade. Hopefully, for the Marines stationed here, it will continue well into the future.



"Ofa-Atu -- I Love You!"

By Stanford E. Linzey, Jr.

DURING World War II on the Island of Tonga-Tabu (The Friendly Islands) a native approached me and with a toothy smile said, "I love you."

I was somewhat startled for American men do not often speak in endearing terms to one another. I suppose I registered surprise for he added, "Me Christian. You Christian. I love you." Then he gave me a gift.

I quickly realized that this native of the South Seas seemed to have a grasp of the meaning of Christian love obviously unknown to many American Christians. A real friendship was established.

I came to be in the Tongan Islands by a quirk of fate in the Second World War. I was serving as an enlisted Musician aboard the Aircraft Carrier USS *Yorktown* (CV5). We had been bombed and heavily damaged by the air force of the Imperial Japanese Navy in the Battle of the Coral Sea. This was May, 1942. These were tense moments, and we wondered if we would get out alive.

We were heading East toward Pearl Harbor for quick repairs and refitting. For this hasty cruise General McArthur's planes provided protective air covering, for ours was a crippled ship.

It was decided that we should put into Tonga-Tabu for a period of rest and relaxation for the crew. At the time the Japanese seemed to be unaware that we were using the port.

Tonga-Tabu is a small island. Because of the small population it could not easily absorb all the ship's crew at any one time on liberty. So 50 percent of the crew went ashore each day—port and starboard—while we were there.

When I went ashore on liberty I met the native with his son riding in a buckboard wagon drawn by a mule. I hailed him and he stopped. I told him I wanted some papayas, coconuts, and bananas. He got out of the wagon and led me through a cluster of women and children among the palms. This, I found, was a native school. When we came to

his hut another son got the fruit for me. This was on Friday.

After thanking and rewarding him I tried to make arrangements to return and see him on the following Sunday.

When he realized that I was trying to tell him I wanted to return and visit him on Sunday he clouded up and with a disapproving look said in a very serious manner, "No! Me go to church!"

Noting his intense sincerity I said, "Are you a Christian?"

On hearing the term, *Christian*, he beamed. He replied, "Yes, me Christian." Then he asked, "You Christian?"

When I replied that I was he said in pidgin English, "Dot's goot!" and stuck out his hand to shake mine.

Methodist missionaries had landed in the Tongan Islands nearly a century before and had virtually converted the entire island population to Christianity. These were enthusiastic Christians and regular churchgoers. Church was a major part of their lives.

Despite the language barrier, we did manage to communicate in pidgin English and set a date when I would go over to his sister's hut with him for a meal.

On the appointed day I met my Tongan friend where we had our dinner of fruits and nuts—an unusual dinner for me. We ate and enjoyed a mutual sense of Christian fellowship with few words being exchanged between us. While we had a language barrier there was no barrier to our spiritual fellowship. There was a felt bond of kinship be-

tween us.

When I got ready to leave he presented me with a beautiful tapa cloth his sister had especially made for me. It was square with a pattern of green dyes around the edges. Across the diagonal in black were drawn the Tongan words, "Ofa-Atu."

As he handed it to me he looked me in the eyes and said, "You Christian. Me Christian. Ofa-Atu—I love you!" I gratefully accepted it and thanked him for it.

The ship had orders to proceed to Hawaii.

The last time I was ashore with the Tongan Brother he accompanied me to the pier where I caught my boat to return to the ship. Having said our good-bye's, I saw him making his way to the church again, a custom which the Tongan Christians kept sacred. We waved to each other as long as we were in sight.

Finally, distance separated us, and he was vanishing out of my sight. When I could see him no longer, "Ofa-Atu" was still sounding in my ears. Somewhere in the depths of my heart I felt a warm response. "I love you, too." ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 7, 27, U.S. Army; page 19, Dale Whitney; page 55, U.S. Marine Corps; page 60, U.S. Air Force; page 61, U.S. Navy, U.S. Air Force.

LIFE: God gave each of us the gift of life. What we do with this life is our gift to God.

—Roberta L. Peeden in *Quote*.

One of Ours



William H. Genné

WILLIAM (Bill) H. Genné writes often for *THE LINK*, especially in the area of family life. Note his interesting article beginning on page 25, "Tied Down or Roped Up?"

Since 1957, Mr. Genné has been the Coordinator of Family Ministries for the National Council of Churches. Prior to his present position he was on the staff of The Clara Elizabeth Fund for Maternal Health in Flint, Michigan (1951-1957). The Fund's unique community-wide program included classes for engaged couples, newly marrieds, and expectant parents, in addition to work with students.

Mr. Genné holds degrees from Bucknell University, Yale Divinity and Graduate Schools, and has done advanced study at the University of Chicago.

Bill is the author of *Husbands and Pregnancy* (Association Press, 1956)

and a small booklet on "How Mixed Can a Marriage Get?" (also Association Press, 1967). Mrs. Genné often joins her husband in writing, teaching, speaking, and in the leadership of family camps. Bill and his wife have co-authored the *Church Family Camps and Conferences Manual* (Christian Education Press, 1962), *The Ministry of Parents* (1964), and a summary of the 1961 North American Conference on Church and Family entitled *Christians and the Crisis in Sex Morality* (Association Press, 1962); and they edited together *Foundations for Christian Family Policy*, the proceedings of this conference (1962).

The Gennés have traveled around the world participating in seminars on Christian family life. Bill was a moderator on the WOR-TV "Point of View" series in 1962-63 and has appeared on many TV and radio shows, including the "Today" show.

The Sound of Glad Tidings

Abide With Me by Anita Bryant. Word Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Tex. 76703.

Anita Bryant's grandfather says of her: "She was born singing." As a tiny 8-year-old, she was winner on a radio talent show. She went on to make TV appearances; she became "Miss Tulsa," "Miss Oklahoma," and a second runner-up in the "Miss America" contest.

And the one most admirable thing about her was her dedication to Christ. She didn't hesitate to testify for Christ, to sing for Christ, to participate in the Billy Graham Crusades.

She married Bob Green, one of the top disc jockeys in the country. They have four children. The ten songs of this album are beautifully done; e.g. "Blessed Assurance"; "A Cathedral of Peace."

How Great Thou Art by Burl Ives. Word Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Tex. 76703.

An unusual presentation of "How Great Thou Art" by America's greatest folk singer. You might say, "He whispers it!" Burl Ives spent his boyhood days in Southern Illinois, and the hymns and style of the Protestant churches with their expression of spiritual emotion made a lasting impression on the folk singer. Actually some of the other pieces such as "Are Ye Able? Said the Master" and "Only Believe" (just two of the ten) are better than "How Great Thou Art!"

Glory to His Name by The Haven of Rest Quartet. Word Records, 5030 W. Waco Dr., Waco, Tex. 76703.

For a quarter century, the Haven of Rest Quartet, has been blessing lives. Its name is suggested by the ship's anchor amid the dark skies, and fog, and turbulent waters. Of course, the members of the quartet are different with the passing days. This group is: Ernie Payne, bass; Frank Alpers, baritone; Paul Sandberg, second tenor; Jim Berghold, first tenor. Dean McNickel is at the organ. The conductor uses the technique of "stacked" voices several times, thus achieving a bigger sound. (It sounds at times like sixteen men are singing instead of four.)

The album has twelve songs; among them: "A Flag to Follow"; "In the Cool of the Evening"; "Glory to His Name"; "Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us"; "Holy, Holy, Holy"; etc.

News in Pictures



Above: Chaplain, COL, Meredith P. Smith (left), Command Chaplain of the Alaskan Air Command, presents Dr. Richard Gilbert \$1,000 from the United States Air Force Chief of Chaplains' Fund. Dr. Gilbert is director of the Jesse Lee Home and executive director of the Alaska Children's Society.

Below: Leaders of the new Protestant Folk Service at Bolling AFB, Washington, D.C. Seated, Chaplain, MAJ, James W. Chapman and CPT Lloyd W. Mosely and their guitars. Standing, Chaplain, MAJ, Theodore J. Wilson and Miss Caren Lipsie. Informality and congregational participation are stressed; these folk services have been enthusiastically received.





Above left: Mrs. Paul D. Copher, wife of the Base Commander, and COL Hubert E. Wuesthoff, USAF Regional Hospital Commander, cut ribbon during dedication of the Chaplain's Office and Prayer Retreat Room. *Above right:* An original oil painting by Mrs. Curtis Roundy, which hangs in the Prayer Room. Many groups, headed by Mrs. Copher, helped in the renovation and refurnishing of this room in the hospital at Davis-Monthan AFB, Ariz.

Below: Father Kestell, a Capucian monk and Auxiliary Middle East Force Chaplain, leads worship on the USS *Valcour* (AGF-1) during a service sponsored by RADM M. G. Bayne, Force Commander, on the day that was President-designated for remembrance of U.S. Prisoners of War.



The Link Calendar

- Aug. 1 Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 1 Tish 'ah B'ab, the Fast of Ab, a Jewish Holy Day commemorating the destruction of the first and second Temples. Hebrew Date, Ab 9, 5731.
- Aug. 2-9 Boy Scouts Thirteenth World Jamboree, Asagiri Heights, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan.
- Aug. 4 Coast Guard Day—The 181st Anniversary of the Founding of the U.S. Coast Guard.
- Aug. 6 Feast of the Transfiguration (cf. St. Luke 9:28 ff.)
- Aug. 6 Peace Festival, Hiroshima, Japan, observed in memory of the A-Bomb victims.
- Aug. 6 Total Eclipse of the Moon (Not visible in North America).
- Aug. 8 Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 8 Family Reunion Day—"to reaffirm the family's role as the basis of a strong community and nation," and sponsored by Kiwanis International.
- Aug. 11-16 International Folk Dance Festival, Gothenburg, Sweden.
- Aug. 14 V. J. Day. Commemorates Victory over Japan, Aug. 14, 1945.
- Aug. 15 Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 15 Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary.
- Aug. 16-21 American Indian Exposition, Norman, Oklahoma. "For the preservation of ancient Indian arts and crafts."
- Aug. 18-22 Precanex, 1971—Postage Stamp Exhibit in connection with Convention of National Association of Precancel Collectors, Inc.
- Aug. 19 National Aviation Day by Presidential Proclamation.
- Aug. 19 Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
- Aug. 21 Hawaii Admission Day. Became the 50th State on this day in 1959.
- Aug. 22 Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 22-Sept. 11 Twenty-fifth Edinburgh International Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland.
- Aug. 22-28 International Conference on Information Science, in Tel Aviv, Israel.
- Aug. 24 157th Anniversary of the British capture of Washington. The Capitol and White House burned this date in 1814.
- Aug. 28-29 Annual East Coast Surfing Championships, Virginia Beach, Va.
- Aug. 29 Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- Aug. 29 Feast of Christ the King.

A juvenile delinquent is a teen-ager who wants what he wants when he wants it and won't wait to get it.—Constance Murphy in *Massachusetts Teacher*.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find five study articles designed not only for individual reading, but also for discussion and for lay leaders' helps.

1. Not All Adults Are Adult (page 9)

Biblical Material: Matthew 5:43-48

Who was the most mature man who ever lived? How did he treat his family, his friends, his enemies? What would happen in today's world if we followed his teachings? Do you try to treat other people in the way you would like them to treat you?

2. Tied Down or Roped Up? (page 25)

Biblical Material: Ephesians 5:21-33

What restrictions are brought on by marriage? What new privileges are gained by marriage? What do we mean when we say marriage is commitment? How do a man and wife "climb higher" together (as in mountain climbing)?

3. Why Wait Till Marriage? (page 32)

Biblical Material: Hebrews 13:4

How do you characterize the sexual revolution the world is going through today? What truths do we need to maintain a significant sex code? What are the deceptions in premarital sexual relations? What do we mean when we say "marriage is never an experiment"? How can we preserve the family?

4. His Convictions Met the Test (page 45)

Biblical Material: John 1:35-51

Who was Dietrich Bonhoeffer? What movements did he set under way in the religious world? What did he say in *The Cost of Discipleship*? What did he say in his letters from prison? Why are people reading Bonhoeffer today?

5. Forgiveness Is Always Best (page 51)

Biblical Material: Luke 23:34; Mark 11:25; Matthew 18:15

What is true forgiveness? How is it achieved? In what way did Jesus give us a splendid example in forgiveness? What does Paul say about forgiveness? How far should forgiveness go?

Books Are Friendly Things

Deadline for Survival by Kenneth J. Mann. The Seabury Press, 815 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. 1970. 147 pages. \$2.95.

This "Survey of Moral Issues in Science and Medicine" by the new Program Director of the Academy of Religion and Mental Health, cites the ways in which Technological Man is altering his outer environment as well as himself. In amazingly brief compass he shows what man is doing; he discusses the development of science policy, and suggests that "It is not necessarily right to implant technology merely because one has it." In the light of the defeat of further Federal funding for the supersonic transport plane, his discussion on the "problem of technological priorities" is "right on." The Rev. Dr. Mann concludes with a penetrating essay on "technology and a doctrine of man." By powerful citation he poses the planetary ecological issues upon which hang man's continuance upon "this terrestrial ball." Compelling reading!—E.I.S.

All God's Chillun, Meditations on Negro Spirituals by J. Garfield Owens. Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tenn., 37203. 1971. 144 pages. \$3.75.

At a time when the many-faceted contribution of the black man to American civilization has begun to be acknowledged, the Negro Spiritual, long since acclaimed and universally loved, seems almost taken for granted. Dr. Owens, in a most readable book, exegetes 27 Familiar Spirituals, including such favorites as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder," "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?", and "Balm in Gilead." The author, Superintendent of the San Antonio, Texas, District of The United Methodist Church, ably "corrects a few errors" in our understanding of these songs, and points anew to the timeless truths enshrined in them.—E.I.S.

Hear Me, Lord, Prayers from Life by Michael Walker. Fleming H. Revell, Old Tappan, N.J. 1969. 128 pages (paper), \$1.95. Publication date in the U.S. March 3, 1971. A Baptist of Welsh-English parentage, the Rev. Michael Walker perceives that "there is a whole world of difference between public and private prayer." These marvelous "conversations with God" reflect all of the involvements of a busy city pastor; they are utterly authentic in their reflection of daily life, and they are beautifully, lucidly put, yet guileless and without literary pretense. He has a gift for expression to match his insight that private prayer is "more like (the plays of) Harold Pinter than (the prayers of) Thomas Cranmer." Michael Walker is an English counterpart to Malcolm Boyd—but without the Mod accent.—E.I.S.

Sound Off

(Continued from page 4)

On the front cover of the March issue you have a picture of a girl with the most gleaming smile I have ever seen. I was wondering if you could find out her name and address. If so, would you please send it to me?

Take care and may peace be with you.

—Pvt-1 Gay Wescott, 082-42-4666; A-2-3-4 Plt. Ft. Dix, N.J. 08640.

(Sorry but we do not know the name of this girl or have her address. Each model makes a contract with the photographer forbidding him to give out her name or address. Guess the only thing you can do is enjoy looking at the picture. —EDITOR.)

A Message from Vietnam

Today (March 19, 1971) I read your March 1971 issue of THE LINK. Today was the day the battalion chaplain came to see us to hold services with the personnel here at Mountain Nue Chi Chin. I'm in the army and am now serving as a radio-telephone operator in Vietnam.

The chaplain held services for about 30 minutes today. Although we were few in number we had a good time in the Lord worshipping together. After the services, the chaplain handed me the latest copy of THE LINK and said that I would probably enjoy it. He was right. I did enjoy it very much. The article "Freedom Isn't Free" really struck home. "The Awkward Private" added that little bit of joking that the issue needed.

You see, my father has been a minister for the past thirteen years and being a "preacher's kid" I was influenced by the Baptist doctrines and beliefs. So magazines like yours are nothing new to me but it's that touch of the life back in the "world" that really perked me up. I've passed it on to two of my buddies already and they said they enjoyed it as much as I did.

The cover of it is to be complimented. The young lady is very beautiful. My compliments to the man responsible for the art work. I wonder if it would be possible to get the girl's address. I'll be waiting anxiously for your reply.

—PFC Paul E. DeClue, 314-58-5860. B Troop. 1st Sqdn. 9th Cav. 1st Cav. Div. (AM) APO San Francisco, Calif. 96490.

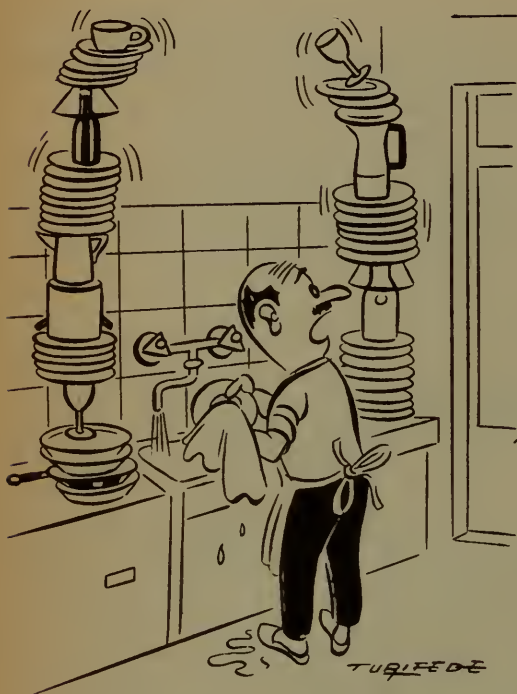
Creative Writing Conference in October

I am writing you to invite you to supply copies of your publication as hand-out samples for Oakland University's tenth annual Craftsmanship of Creative Writing Conference which will be held on Saturday, October 16, 1971.

The conference attracts 400-450 writers and would-be-writers each year. This year, Hayes B. Jacobs of *Writer's Digest* will keynote the opening session.

—Mrs. Dorothy Owen, Associate Director of Conferences, Oakland, Univ., Rochester, Mich. 48063.

At Ease!



"For goodness' sake! Don't slam the door!"

"I understand Diana went to college to work for an M.A."

"No, all she wants is an M-R-S."

"I want some consecrated lye," said the customer to the druggist.

"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does nutmeg any difference," the man retorted. "That's what I camphor. How much does it sulphur?"

"Fifteen scents. Bright fellow, aren't you? I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I myrrh-myrrh! And as yet ammonia beginner at it."

Summer Visitor—"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture."

Milkman—"Yes, madam, of course we keep them in a pasture."

Summer Visitor—"I'm so glad to hear that. I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the safest."

"Do you think I should put more fire into my editorials?" the writer asked.

"No," said his editor. "Vice versa."

First child (coming from catechism)—"I've got to original sin. How far have you got?"

Second child—"Me? I'm 'way beyond redemption."

"A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father is."

"What did the bird say?"

"Cheap, cheap!"

"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your father is."

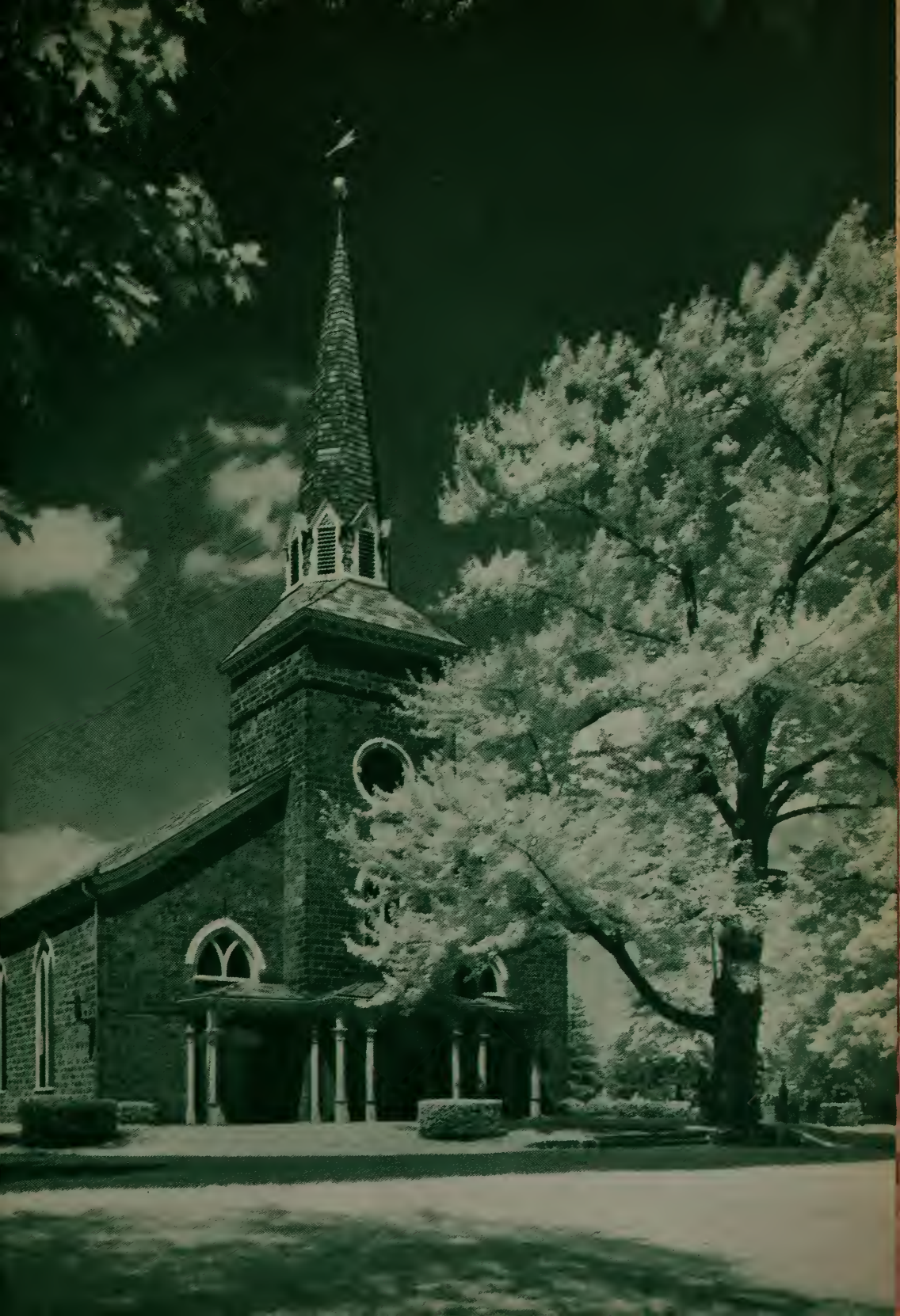
Willie—"How do fishermen make those nets, Dad?"

Dad—"That's simple, Willie. They just take a handful of holes and sew them together and there you are."

Mother (over phone)—"Come quick, Doctor, the baby has swallowed a bottle of ink!"

Doctor—"Incredible!"

Mother—"No, Doctor, indelible!"





DATE	ISSUED TO

**U. S. Army Chaplain School
Library**

